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## NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE Cabinet has returned to town, and the Press has been full of its "sensational plans" for economy. It appears that the attention of the Ministerial holiday-makers has been drawn to the fact that the Government is living beyond its income, and that, like Mr. Micawber in a similar position, a promise of amendment and a dramatic gesture of reform were considered appropriate.

For my part, and with the recollection that in the case of Mr. Micawber performance lagged behind promise, I shall believe these brave words when they are translated into action. The world has heard so much and so often of conversion—both of political hearts and of financial obligations—that it pays no attention to either. Nor

does it really believe that a Prime Minister means business when he states that after a couple of days in Downing Street he will fly back to Lossiemouth.

The return of Mr. Baldwin from Aix, and of other party leaders from other holiday resorts, to confer with the Government in its difficulties, was certainly a patriotic and, to some extent, a self-sacrificing act. But I hope the politicians will not exaggerate the effect of these actions. They are no doubt intended to impress the public mind with a sense of *deus ex machina* operations. In fact, they tend to suggest that statesmen who leave town on Saturday to return on Wednesday do not foresee the course of events a week ahead.

The suggestion that teachers' salaries should be cut has naturally evoked a storm of protest—

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from the teachers, and even the threat of a strike. The 20 per cent. cut which has been proposed certainly seems excessive, but I cannot see that a 10 per cent. reduction would be unreasonable. Teachers were admittedly underpaid before the war, but that position was rectified; and what with short hours and long holidays, I cannot see that they have much to complain about.

The threat of a strike will probably leave the country cold; and more particularly its juvenile population, which possibly regards the woes of pedagogues as a signal proof of just retribution in an otherwise inequitable world. The teachers have a strong trade union, but public necessity is a stern teacher.

\* \* \*

It is rumoured that the modernization of the Thirty-Nine Articles of the Church of England, which was seriously contemplated a few months ago, is in process of abandonment. On this matter all three schools in the Church are in opposition to each other, with the result that the Jix section, which treats the Articles as being almost verbally inspired, and insists on no alterations whatever, is tactically in the strongest position. At the moment it seems likely to win.

This is, of course, the line of least resistance. For the moment, no doubt, it gives peace in our time, or, at any rate, an armistice, but in the long run it is bound to prove harmful, simply because the definitions and phraseology of three centuries ago no longer correspond to the world of science and philosophy.

\* \* \*

Relations between Spain and Catalonia are clearly becoming very strained, and the outlook in the Peninsula is as obscure as at any time since the monarchy fell. Colonel Macia, the virtual dictator of Catalonia, is entirely in the hands of the Syndicalists, who are using him, and Catalan national aspirations generally, as a lever to overturn the middle-class administration at Madrid, and there are strange rumours afloat as to Catalan complicity in the recent disorders in Andalusia.

At the same time, there can be no doubt that the Republican leaders made the wildest promises to the Catalans as the price of their support to overthrow the throne, and now that the chickens are coming home to roost they are finding the position by no means to their liking. In the days of the monarchy, the Crown served as the connecting-link between the various provinces, but now that it is gone the centrifugal influences, always strong in Spain, have full play, with the result that the Republic is coming to spell anarchy.

\* \* \*

A correspondent in one of the great dailies has been complaining that we do not pay nearly enough attention to Nietzsche in this country, and he contrasts our neglect with the interest which the German philosopher is arousing among our neighbours. All this is only too true, but it is not Nietzsche alone who is neglected in this way, for Continental thought as a whole has been

strangely ignored in Great Britain for many years past, whereas in an earlier period we invariably kept well abreast of it.

I doubt whether Georges Sorel, Gentile, Unamuno, Santayana, Maurras and Croce are more than names to the vast majority of educated Englishmen. It is true that not all of these men are of the first rank, but they have undoubtedly had a great influence upon the development of thought in their respective countries during the present century, and the condition of the British Isles at the present time is not so satisfactory, and we have not so many great men of our own that we can afford to ignore the thinkers of the mainland of Europe, more particularly when we reflect how much the greatest English philosophers and men of letters in the past owed to the Continent.

\* \* \*

I see that a well-known Parliamentarian, in an article in a Sunday paper, has been advising us Conservatives to seek salvation in an extension of Tory Democracy, and, as usual, when this argument is put forward, the example of the late Sir Archibald Salvidge and his Working Men's Conservative Association in Liverpool is quoted as the one to follow. Personally, I have never been a believer in attempting to go one better than our opponents, and their efforts in this direction did not benefit either Sir Robert Peel or Mr. Baldwin.

Furthermore, the time has surely come to explode the "Salvidge myth." His Association certainly did obtain one or two ephemeral triumphs round about 1910, but they would never have been won without the help of the Liverpool Constitutional Association, on the one hand, and of the Orange Lodges on the other. Unfortunately, his organization proved a half-way house to Socialism for a good many of its members, so that Liverpool has long since ceased to be the Conservative stronghold that it once was, and much of the responsibility for this state of affairs must lie at the door of Sir Archibald Salvidge.

Nor was the career of that other great exponent of Tory Democracy, Lord Randolph Churchill, so uniformly successful as to invite imitation, and it would be no exaggeration to say that the trouble about Tory Democracy is that it is neither Toryism nor Democracy. In these circumstances, and with these examples before us, I must confess to an extreme suspicion of such facile phrases as Tory Socialism, and also, be it added, of those Conservatives who utter them.

\* \* \*

Shipowners were losing money seven or eight years ago, and seemed to think the world—at least, their world—was coming to an end. What must be their condition to-day when freights for whole cargo shipments are nearly 33 per cent. lower than they were then? In the meantime, fuel charges and stores have come down somewhat in price, and dock and other dues are rather lower, but wages are still about 70 per cent. higher than they were before the war. It is little matter of surprise that the Russians have been able to

charter about one and a quarter million tons of shipping for the movement of their dumped grain, apart from other vessels which have been obtained for their timber.

They have contracted for this tonnage, I am told, at rates which would have been regarded with contempt a few years ago, and by this means will place their grain and timber on the market at prices which will defy the competition of countries where a living wage is paid and reasonable hours are worked. Has Mr. Bernard Shaw considered the attractions of life in a Russian timber camp as an alternative to the miserable existence which he apparently leads in this capitalist country? Or perhaps he would prefer to settle in the neighbourhood of one of the Russian oil fields, where Socialism also reigns in all its hideous nakedness.

\* \* \*

I am impressed by a private figure of the number of murders in England committed, detected, and proved, which a barrister has lately given to me as up to date and authoritative. He maintains that for every murder detected two murders go undetected, while in the instance of detection a conviction is only obtained, and the full penalty of the law exercised in fifty per cent. of the charges. Not a little of this is due to the unnecessary delays before Scotland Yard can get out on to the job. Closer union between our various police units, virtually self-governing at the moment, is an urgent necessity.

Every week the list of undetected crimes gets longer and more serious. By using ordinary mechanical means a gang of burglars is enabled to operate all over the midlands from an unsuspected residence in Bristol. Again, the marine store-dealer, as the receiver of stolen goods likes to be called, is a charming feature of villages far from the ocean wave. The Inspector-General of Police does his best at the Home Office, but his powers are really advisory.

The Metropolitan Police dates from Sir Robert Peel, but outside London the "Yard" can only act on a provincial crime when specifically called in. Pride and inefficiency discourage such requests, especially in minor corporations, where patronage over the Police Force is often mere mayoral nepotism. A minute force of twenty constables is necessarily a backwater. Indeed, particularly in poisoning or "doctoring" cases, our provincial police are almost amateurs compared to Lord Byng's experts. And it is seldom the first victim of a poisoner that excites suspicion.

\* \* \*

A legal correspondent writes: "The cost to Mr. Morland of his successful defence in the Kysant trial is not a charge that falls in any way upon the State. A prosecution under the Larceny Act forms a charge that must be rebutted by defendants along such lines as each thinks fit for himself. If he elects, as Mr. Morland was bound in his own honour and in the interests of his whole profession, to employ solicitors,

counsel, and a staff of accountants to sift the charge and prepare his best defence, then the cost, upwards, perhaps, of five figures altogether, must be met out of his own resources. No Government office has any fund, nor has the presiding judge any powers, to award him costs at the expense of the State on his acquittal.

"It is hardly surprising, therefore, that in view of the evidence of expert witnesses for the Crown in the witness box, in some quarters severe censure is being passed upon the Director of Public Prosecutions for launching a charge as sustained by the Attorney-General upon this eminent accountant. But in common fairness it may be disclosed that before taking any such action Sir William Jowitt was careful in this exceptionally delicate case to submit the Director's evidence to eminent counsel outside the Treasury list."

\* \* \*

I wish all luck to the movement, which is being backed by the trade unions, to bring about an increase in the number of British quota films that exhibitors are under the legal obligation to show. In a little over two years, a virtually dying industry has been raised, through the quota scheme, to a position of greater importance than it had ever known before, and I am informed that at the moment more full-length pictures are being made at Elstree and other British studios than in Hollywood.

But the native industry continues to be handicapped by the fact that the doors of the United States theatres are bolted and barred to British pictures, while our producers have to face in the United Kingdom the almost unrestricted competition of American producers, who have much greater financial resources, and escape taxation on the profits, to the amount of millions a year, which they make in this country. An increase in the quota percentage would do something to equalize this one-sided competition, besides finding work for a good many more people.

\* \* \*

Our hospitals, for obvious reasons, are again faced with the burden of growing debt and the necessity for curtailing expenditure. Many of the London hospitals occupy immensely valuable sites fronting on main roads that have been made intolerably noisy by motor traffic. Surely both the well-being of the patients and the finances of the hospitals would benefit by removal to quieter surroundings. It should not be impossible to make such a change, while continuing to make adequate provision in Central London for emergency cases and accidents.

\* \* \*

I am hardly surprised to see that the German and Austrian Press are greatly exercised in mind over the extraordinary praise which Mr. Bernard Shaw is lavishing on the Soviet after his brief tour in Russia, and they are more particularly puzzled at the failure of our own newspapers to protest against his comments. The truth is, I suppose, that the Continent still takes Mr. Shaw seriously, while this island does not.



## EUROPE'S BREATHING-SPACE

THE result of the Prussian Referendum has been to postpone the danger of a further German collapse, though it is too early yet to say with any degree of assurance whether the latter has been definitely averted. Had the voting gone the other way there can be no doubt that a crisis of the very first magnitude would have been precipitated, for, although it is possible that in office Hitler might prove to be a competent statesman, he has created such an atmosphere of uncertainty as to his policy in such circumstances that a great number of Germans, and the vast majority of Frenchmen, would have regarded his success last Sunday with feelings very nearly akin to panic. What has happened, in short, is that Europe has been, through no particular merit on the part of its leaders it may be added, accorded a breathing-space, and the future depends upon the use that may be made of this respite.

At the same time, those who see in the verdict of the Prussian electorate the approaching downfall of the Right would do well to look at the figures a little more closely. Hitler and his allies received the support of more than a third of the total number of voters, a figure that may appear relatively insignificant until it is remembered that it is exactly the same as that which in Great Britain returned Mr. Baldwin to power at the General Election of 1924 with the largest majority recorded in recent British history. The parties of the Right set out to mobilize half the Prussian electorate in support of their demand for the dissolution of the Diet, and the magnitude of their task may be gauged by the fact that since 1885 no British Government has had the backing of more than 44 per cent. of the total British voters, and that the average percentage since that date is only 27. Such being the case, it is manifestly foolish to read too much into Sunday's voting, and it is more than likely that the real reason for the failure of the Right to achieve its aims was a lack of enthusiasm for its immediate, rather than for its ultimate, goal.

This breathing-space will, however, be of no avail unless it is properly utilized, and by this we do not mean, devoted to aerial hiking by those who control the destinies of the nations concerned. The world is tired of the search for formulæ, the making of gestures, and the holding of conferences, and if the present respite is to be used for any such spectacular futilities it would have been better had the National Socialists and their supporters swept the board. What is wanted is the formulation of a programme by the leading Powers based upon the facts of the economic situation, and taking into account the common interests of all. The coming winter will prove the acid test of modern statesmanship, and before it is over the Disarmament Conference will have begun, while it is clear that the War Debts Moratorium cannot simply be allowed to come to an end next summer without any preparations having been made for the subsequent situation. The *sine qua non* of a return to prosperity is the revival of confidence, and this will only take place when the world's leaders show that

they appreciate the seriousness of the existing position, and are prepared to face it with something more effective than a spate of rhetoric and verbiage.

In this connexion we should like to stress the contrast between the Italian Government and our own. For months past the Prime Minister and Mr. Arthur Henderson have been flying about the Continent, not always, if all tales be true, with those feelings of trust in each other that do so much to render travel with a fellow-creature pleasant and attractive to the jaded statesman; yet we defy them and their supporters to point to one single decision, taken as a result of all these comings and goings, that has been of any real benefit to this country. Signor Mussolini, on the contrary, rarely leaves his native land, yet we note that the visit of the German Chancellor and Foreign Minister to Rome last week has been followed by the announcement that Italian fruit imported by Germany will in future receive preferential treatment. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, but our peripatetic statesmen never return with a concession of any kind, so it would surely be better if they followed the example of the Duce and stayed at home; and even when at home, at Chequers rather than at Lossiemouth.

What, then, is the first step to be taken in the cure of Europe's ills? This can only be, in our opinion, by making an attempt to understand their cause, and, having once grasped this, to proceed to remove it without playing to the gallery. Let there be an end of the spectacular diplomacy with which we have been nauseated for the past two years, and let the aeroplane once more become the vehicle of the man who is really in a hurry, and not of him who wishes to impress the public with his importance by travelling by air. Furthermore, there must be an end, too, of the practice of looking at international affairs from the point of view of party politics at home, and of endeavouring to snatch some domestic advantage from a crisis that affects the whole human race. Above all, if those in office are not capable of finding a solution, then let them give way to those who do possess a remedy, and particularly does this apply to our own country, where the Government is composed of tired men without an idea in their minds save how best to keep in office for a few months longer, and where the Opposition, purged, we trust, of its toxic elements by its period in the wilderness, has in Tariff Reform a cure in the virtues of which an increasing number of our fellow-countrymen are coming to believe.

There can be no question that the sands are running low, and it would not require much to produce a panic in Europe compared with which the recent run on the German banks was mere child's play. Thanks to the verdict of Prussia, a short interval is available for reflection, and for the remedial action which must follow it. It may well be that this is Europe's last chance of salvation for many a long year, and a heavy responsibility rests upon those who are called upon to ride the storm.



## THE RUSSIAN OFFENSIVE

THE Russians are making war on capitalism. That is the significance of the Five Year Plan, in pursuit of which the Russian workers are submitting to war conditions. In these circumstances, the Five Year Plan is succeeding to an extent which is inadequately appreciated by the rest of mankind. In the industries in which only brute force and a low intelligence are necessary, production has increased at a rate exceeding anything hitherto known in Russia. The vast resources of this country, of which men have spoken with awe and envy for centuries, are being developed rapidly. After the bare necessities of the workers have been supplied, the surplus—which is an enormous one—is being exported, not on credit terms but for cash. Imports, and especially machinery, are thus being purchased. Whenever possible these imports are being secured on long credit terms, as in the case of British manufacturers, with the guarantee of the British Government behind them. In other countries, where cash is demanded, as, for instance, in the United States, the money received in payment for imports into Great Britain is being utilized. The British people are thus financing, to a degree little understood, the Five Year Plan, which is intended to bring the capitalist system to the dust.

The flooding of the world's markets by the Russians is only beginning. The tide will continue to rise. The Soviet Union has already chartered, mainly from British, Italian and Greek shipowners, one million and a quarter tons of shipping for the movement of grain. So grievous is the condition of the shipping industry that they are obtaining these at starvation prices, picking and choosing where they will. Other tonnage, principally from Scandinavian countries, has been secured for the carriage of timber from the Russian convict camps and other centres. The wheat markets of the world have already been disorganized by the dumping of Russian wheat at prices with which growers in other countries cannot compete. Prices reach lower levels every day, as the Russian offensive develops. Much the same is true of the timber trade, of the oil trade, and of other trades in primary products. Russia is more and more dominating the markets, causing widespread unemployment and unrest in other countries, and in these disturbed conditions propaganda by word of mouth, picture, and pamphlet is being carried out by the Soviet agents. There is no freedom of speech or Press in Russia, but the Russian agents take the fullest advantage of the freedom which exists elsewhere.

The development of the primary industries of Russia represents the first shock attack. Behind the movement of the ships on the great trade routes, preparations are being made for the second attack. The electrical industry is being developed. The output already far exceeds the estimates of the Five Year Plan. Factories are being equipped for mass production of manufactures of all descriptions. They will have cheap power as well as cheap labour. They, in their turn, will flood the markets of the world

with cheap products. This will mark a further stage in the new offensive, which also includes ordinary and fine chemicals. At present the labour for these secondary industries is unskilled, but education is going on in the use of machinery, as well as in cultural subjects, and experts from the United States and Germany are devoting their skill and knowledge to the task of raising the efficiency in the factories and workshops. Skilled workers are being encouraged by the promise of better living conditions. That was the burden of Stalin's recent pronouncement. It is merely a manoeuvre to make eventual victory doubly assured. The output of the factories has been disappointing, so the acquisitive instincts of the best workers are being excited. They are being tempted to labour harder and better. It is only an expedient, to be abandoned when the end has been gained.

The staff which prepared the Five Year Plan, which is now being carried out, is engaged in Moscow in drawing up another Five Year Plan to supplement it. New estimates of production, not only of primary but of secondary industries, are being made out. Preparations for carrying the intensive war more energetically into capitalist countries are now being completed. Every possible use is being made of Capital's resources in other countries.

The main dependence of the Soviet is on the weakness of British Capitalism. It is not organized to resist the Russian offensive, directed as a unified movement, and thus the vast wealth of this country, produced by individual enterprise, sweat of the brow, and thrift, is being utilized more and more by the Russians in the pursuit of their plans for dethroning capitalism. If the Soviet's plans succeed, a lowering of the standard of living in the agricultural as well as the industrial centres of the world appears inevitable as a defensive measure. There will probably be a simultaneous movement upward in Russia, as the trade of that country increases, and downward elsewhere, as the Russian competition increases in intensity.

## THE CAVE DWELLER

By E. H. W. MEYERSTEIN

THE light whose visitation I desired  
Hath come, but ah! 'tis not the looked-for light,  
Rather a cloud-rimmed moonbeam than a bright  
Meteor from the empyrean fired.  
Patiently had I sat, by study tired,  
In my book-lichened cave an anchorite,  
Trusting that I had watched with true insight,  
And would be freed by that I most admired.

Yet the chink-piercing ray can but reveal  
My cell for what it is, a solitude,  
Peopled by living shadows of the past.  
I need a faith securer, to unseal  
The glory whose appearing is endured  
With power to make a youth of mind o'ercast.

## IRELAND REVISITED

BY SIR CHARLES PETRIE

TO cross St. George's Channel, and to set foot for the first time for more than a decade on what is now the soil of the Irish Free State, is inevitably, for one whose boyhood associations were with the Emerald Isle, to become a prey to mingled feelings of apprehension and hope. Has everything been changed, out of all recognition, and for the worse, as the perusal of certain English newspapers might lead one to suppose; or is the national life and character still the same beneath the surface, in spite of the fact that the letter-boxes are now painted green, and that a new coinage has come into use, apparently designed to serve also as an illustrated guide to the fauna of the latest Dominion? This is the question that must be uppermost in the mind of such a visitor, and the answer to it is not always too easy to find.

The first impression to be received is that at long last Ireland has a Government which knows its own mind, a state of affairs which had not existed under the old regime since the Chief Secretaryship of "Bloody" Balfour. It is a melancholy fact that for a generation British rule has everywhere been timid and extravagant, and these defects were seen to the full in Ireland. The timidity was displayed notably in the failure to apply conscription there, when to have done so would have provoked little opposition, and would have given every Irish home a vested interest in the success of the British arms; and again in the course of the Easter rebellion, when Sir John Maxwell was relieved of his command at the very moment when he had sedition by the throat. The political corollary of cowardice is usually extravagance, and in the palmy days of the "Castle" sops were freely thrown to the people in the shape of public works which were not really wanted, and which, in many cases, proved to be quite useless. Mr. Cosgrave has set his face sternly against these tendencies, with the result that although the maximum rate of income tax is only three shillings in the pound, the roads have been improved out of all recognition, a new police force, quite as efficient as, and more readily supported by authority than, the old, has been instituted, and the law is enforced. It is true that this has not been effected without the shedding of blood at the outset, but then plenty of blood was spilt in the old days, and that without any such beneficial consequences.

All this is not to say that the leopard has changed his spots, and that the Irishman has become imbued with a Fascist respect for the authority of the State. What has happened is that he has acquired rulers who understand him, which Downing Street never did, and they know exactly what they can do and what they cannot, so that if they are more lenient in some matters than their British predecessors they are more arbitrary in others. In short, Ireland is governed as Ireland, and not as an English county inconveniently situated in the Atlantic. For much of his knowledge of his fellow-countrymen's idiosyncrasies Mr. Cosgrave was undoubtedly indebted to Mr. Healy, and whatever measure of success may attend the Free State in the future it will be very largely due to the help it received in its infancy from its first Governor-General. Desperadoes of the old type undeniably exist, but the vast mass of public opinion is against violence, and to have produced this situation is in itself no mean tribute to the ability of Mr. Cosgrave and the power behind his throne, "Tiger Tim" Healy.

At the same time, the Government has clearly had the wind and tide with it to some extent. Years of civil strife, culminating in the destruction of

a large part of Dublin, have appeased even the Irishman's appetite for a fight, and Mr. De Valera himself has been constrained to resort to constitutional methods to attain his ends. Then, again, as a predominantly agricultural community the Free State has escaped the worst effects of the world slump, while the hydro-electric works on the Shannon have done much to increase the amenities of life even in the more remote country districts. Yet, when all is said and done, Mr. Cosgrave and his colleagues have achieved what ten years ago seemed to many observers impossible, and the Irish Free State, whose dissolution in anarchy was so freely predicted on this side of St. George's Channel at the time that the Treaty was signed, has from many points of view greater reason for optimism to-day than any of the other Dominions, and possibly than Great Britain herself.

Of course, there are aspects of the policy of the Government that are very much open to criticism, and among them is its encouragement of the Irish language, to the revival of which it is devoting an amount of energy worthy of a better cause. There is also the continual carping at the Imperial connexion, which exasperates the old Unionist minority. To a large extent, however, the official attitude on both these questions is due to a desire to prevent the Opposition, in the shape of the Republicans, from obtaining a monopoly of Nationalist support. It may be very reprehensible to behave in this way, but party politics are party politics the world over, and even Conservative statesmen at Westminster have been known to adopt policies which had nothing but the possible attraction of votes to recommend them.

On the other hand, there are difficulties to be faced that are none of Mr. Cosgrave's making, though they may prove to be his undoing if he makes a mistake in handling them. If the general depression has not so far affected the Free State directly to any great extent, its repercussions are not passing unnoticed. The Irish emigrant, in default of work overseas, is becoming a thing of the past, and already those who have gone to the United States of recent years are beginning to return to their native land in numbers that will have grown considerably before the winter is past. These men and women will be an easy prey for Mr. De Valera, with his sophistical arguments, and it is to be hoped that the General Election will be held before sufficient time has elapsed to entitle them to exercise the franchise. So far, the main plank in the Republican platform has been the non-payment of the interest on the money advanced to the small farmer to buy his holding, and non-payment in one form or another has been popular in Ireland for so long that this policy makes no inconsiderable appeal. However, the system of Proportional Representation makes it almost impossible for any one party to obtain a clear majority in the Dail, and as the minor groups all support the Government on the more important questions of the day, Mr. De Valera's triumph is by no means so assured as might at first sight appear possible in view of the result of the recent election in Kildare.

On turning from a consideration of the political situation to that of the other aspects of the national life, our returning visitor will find the position of the Churches outwardly very much the same as it was twenty years ago, though there is a far more tolerant spirit abroad in the land than might be expected after so many years of discord. The Church of Rome did not by any means show to the



best advantage during the troubles, but the blame has been, probably quite justly, placed upon individual bishops and priests rather than upon the institution which they served, and, at any rate above the surface, there is no trace of that anti-clericalism which seems to be sweeping across Catholic communities in other parts of the world. Next year the Eucharistic Congress is to be held in Dublin, and already preparations are being made to give it a setting worthy of the land that has never faltered in its devotion to the successor of St. Peter. Yet, there are critics who maintain that the standard of the priesthood is declining, and that as a result the influence of the Church in twenty years' time is unlikely to be what it is to-day.

Of the Protestant Churches the Presbyterian seems to have survived the storm better than its Episcopal brother. For a time it made somewhat heavy weather, chiefly owing to the difficulty of recruiting men for the ministry, but the Sustentation Fund has now been placed upon a more satisfactory basis, though it is to be noted that a large part of its ministers are drawn from Ulster, which is still its stronghold. The Church of Ireland has never really recovered, not so much from its disestablishment as from the decline of the landed gentry from which it drew so much of its support. Parishes have in many instances been amalgamated, but even so it is not easy to induce the right men to take orders, and the future of the Church is still uncertain.

Perhaps the greatest, and certainly the most noticeable, change in Irish life of late years has been in the means of transport. The railways, it is true,

have continued to decline, and in many cases they have been single-tracked, while rumours of the closing of certain lines to passenger traffic are rife in every part of the country. What has appeared that is new is the motor-bus, which has not only dealt the *coup de grâce* to the railways, but is in danger of making both the side-car and the donkey-cart—or ass-cart, as it is locally termed—things of the past. For a dozen of these latter vehicles that used to cover the country roads on market days there is only one now, and the farmer and his wife crowd into the bus in a way that is reminiscent of rural Spain. This new means of locomotion is a great boon, particularly in the West, where it links up villages that were extremely difficult of access in the past. How the railways can survive in the face of this competition if the population continues to decline is another question, and not the least serious that the country has to answer.

In fine, in spite of all the water (and blood) that has flowed under the bridges in the last twenty years, there are many worse parts of the Empire than the Irish Free State. The Irishman, unlike his English brother, is a natural democrat, and so he is under no necessity to parade his belief in democracy at every turn, and in every measure that his Government enacts. As a result, it is an arguable proposition, though not one that shall be argued here, that a return to Ireland is a return to a country that, surprising as it may seem to the Englishman, still preserves a sense of proportion in its attitude towards life.

## FAMILY ALLOWANCES

### A NEW APPROACH TO AN OLD PROBLEM

By J. S. HECHT

A FAMILY allowance appeals strongly to the man who is struggling to bring up a family. Men without dependents, on the contrary, see no reason why they should contribute to the support of another man's children, and, as the problem of family allowances is now associated with wages, an impartial inquiry into the meaning and history of a minimum wage may contribute towards a solution of this controversy.

Among men who produced entirely for their own consumption, like peasant proprietors, or who themselves sold the goods they produced, like the village boot-maker, wages were uncalled for. They made their appearance when men began to sell their labour, or, as Karl Marx expressed it, "themselves" in return for goods. A man who worked for a farmer surrendered his claim to everything he produced in return for the variety of things he desired to consume, and the quantity of goods he received, whether per day, per week, per month, or per year, constituted his wage, for it used to be the common practice to pay wages in goods or "kind," rather than in money. Expressed otherwise, the payment of wages is an exchange of goods for labour, and, like all forms of exchange, it is one of the consequences of division of labour, so that, as is stated in 'The History of Trade Unionism' (S. and B. Webb), wages cannot be abolished otherwise than in name.

But if division of labour is the cause of wages, one must take into account what men could produce before labour was divided, just as a metallurgist must understand the properties of metals before he can draw any conclusion from their combination. Indeed, since the object of division of labour is to increase production, men would rightly refuse to divide their labour if they could not purchase with their wages at least as much as they could produce for themselves. The vital

question, then, is: What quantity of goods could any adult man produce without division of labour?

Obviously, he could produce enough to maintain himself. Equally obviously, this would not suffice. Just as a machine wears out and a new one has to be installed, so men become too old to work, die, and must be replaced. Subsistence must be provided for a wife and children.

But for how many children? For one, for two, for three, or for more? According to an eminent economist, "if two children were the normal issue of every marriage, population would evidently diminish, because all children will not reach the marriageable age, and of those that do so, not all will become parents. Experience seems to show that with a birth-rate of three per family, i.e., a normal family of five persons, population does not increase, or if it does grow at all, it is almost imperceptibly."

A birth-rate of about three per family is necessary, therefore, to maintain a population without either increase or diminution. It does not follow, however, that every adult man had to provide subsistence for a wife and three children before labour was divided. For this there are two reasons. First, women helped with the production of the family's subsistence. Second, children being inevitably of various ages, the older ones also helped with the production of the family's subsistence. It follows that the size of the normal or average family to be supported by a man is more like four than five, and, whatever its size may be, it is incontrovertibly true—a physiological and economic fact—that men on the whole could produce the subsistence of all such families without any division of labour. The Esquimaux manage to do so to this very day. Consequently, if it could happen when labour is divided that all men were married and had the same number of dependents, their minimum wage must

suffice to purchase them and their dependents full subsistence, unless they are to be worse off than without division of labour.

But it never could happen that all men had the same number of dependents. The average number of dependents is the total number of dependent persons divided by the number of adult men. It would inevitably involve a decimal, as 2.8, so that, as the Family Endowment Society has pointed out, "there is no such thing as a family of normal size." Indeed, even if all men were married and had the same number of children, the number of those dependent upon them would vary because children are of various ages. Further, it could never happen that all men had the same number of children because unequal fecundity is a decree of Nature. If, then, all men received the same wage among a people which produced just sufficient subsistence, those with none, one or two dependents could purchase more subsistence than they required, while those with four, five, or six dependents would obtain insufficient subsistence. They, and their wives, and their children would suffer from malnutrition or deteriorate in health. Consequently, it is again a physiological and economic fact that the maintenance of a healthy race necessitates a distribution of subsistence, or a minimum wage which varies according to the number of dependents.

The conclusion that the minimum wage must be determined by the subsistence of the wage-earners plus that of their dependents may appear somewhat startling, not to say preposterous, to the "man in the street." To an impartial investigator, nevertheless, it is absolutely inevitable, and one, moreover, which was accepted by every civilization except our own. In the Roman Empire, the proletariat was the sixth class which served the State with its children, so that we have here an admission that the whole community, and not parents only, is responsible for the support of dependents; in feudal times the landowners were expected not merely to maintain all dependents in health but to equip a number of men for war; while the same principle of wage payment was adopted by slave-owners in order to ensure their future supply of healthy labourers. In short, the payment of wages, generally or mostly in "kind," according to the number of dependent persons, was the custom in every country right up to the end of the eighteenth century. The Truck Act, which required workmen's wages to be paid in money instead of goods, was not passed until 1831. To put it another way, it was not the worker, but the worker and his family, which was the unit, and this practice was derived from primitive times, since before the worker sold his labour he sold his commodities, and their price must have been founded on the needs, not of himself, but of his family.

But if the payment of wages is associated with the maintenance of the wage-earners' family, how came it about that, coincident with a huge growth in the national production in the nineteenth century due to the industrial revolution, the family was disinherited? For the answer to this question one must go to France.

During the eighteenth century in that country, the landowners, under the ægis of a corrupt Government, began to rob agriculturists of their produce. And in order to justify this exploitation, the sophists of the period, known as Physiocrats (from Physiocracy, which signifies the rule of Nature) propounded a theory of wages according to which "the rate of wages, and consequently the amount of comfort which wages can purchase, are fixed at the irreducible minimum by the action of the competition which prevails among the wage-earners." The author of the "natural order," Dr. Quesnay, the physician of Louis XV and of Madame de Pompadour, admits without any hesitation that the direct outcome of the establishment of that order would be to reduce the life of the wage-earners to a level of bare subsistence. His insensibility to

their condition goes even further. "He does not seem to think that a fall in wages even below the minimum would result in the death of many people, but simply that it would result in emigration to other countries, and that as a consequence of such emigration the diminished supply of labour at home would lead to higher wages being paid." Here is the origin of the disinheritance of the family through the iron or brazen law of wages, a so-called economic law which not only brought about the French Revolution, but which, later on, was used by Karl Marx in his attack on capitalism.

It is true that, during the last decades, the payment of wages according to family needs has been urged by certain writers. Miss E. Rathbone, M.P., for example, "pleads eloquently for the satisfaction of the needs, not of the wage-earners, but of their wives and children." In her opinion, however, "the doctrine of a living wage has grown up in comparatively recent times in response to the quickening of an uneasy social conscience, the revelations of sociologists and the pressure of organized labour." Despite the title of her book, 'The Disinherited Family,' therefore, one must conclude that Miss Rathbone has overlooked the antiquity of this doctrine, and has failed to perceive the cause of the family's disinheritance, namely the acceptance of a fallacious law of wages. Moreover, the Family Endowment Society does not boldly advocate a redistribution of wages, but suggests family allowances as an addition to current wages, a procedure which would increase production costs and raise prices, even though it be camouflaged under a State scheme of taxation. It need hardly be remarked that all taxation represents that part of the national production which is devoted to social services, so that the cost of the remaining part is raised in exact proportion.

But still more astounding than the toleration of an iron law of wages are the objections which have been raised to the re-endowment of the family. It is almost universally believed that the birth-rate would rise: In reality, the abolition of family allowances in the nineteenth century created the very evil which the opponents of their restoration envisage. From the moment that single and married men received the same wages, the birth-rate began to increase enormously. And the rise in the birth-rate and death-rate occurred, not among the well-to-do, but among what economic historians have been constrained to describe as that "new and miserable class, the workers," just as in almost every industrial country the population is being maintained to-day by the multiplication of the unfit. The explanation is simple enough.

A uniform rate of wages means on the whole less than a living wage for parents with several children, and, whatever be the opinion of economists, biologists are unanimous in insisting that the lower the standard of living, the more closely the conditions of human beings resemble those of animals, the greater is their fecundity.

Another common objection to the re-endowment of the family is that employers would give preference to unmarried men. They did not do so, of course, when their future labour supply depended upon their workmen having children, and there is no difficulty in making it a matter of indifference to employers whether their employees have dependents or not. The solution is as follows:

Let us assume, what corresponds more or less to present price levels, that a weekly wage of £3 provides a living wage for an urban workman with three dependents—a wife and two children. If living in the country is cheaper, the wage of agricultural labourers would be correspondingly lower.

To a workman with three dependents an employer pays, then, 60s. per week, but he does not pay this wage indiscriminately. If 14s. weekly be deemed sufficient to maintain a wife, and 7s. each child, 32s. remains available for the husband, and to an unmarried



man the employer pays that amount only. He has 28s. in hand. If a workman has a wife, or a wife and one child, the employer has in hand 14s. and 7s. respectively. These sums do not belong to the employer, however, but to a family-endowment fund, from which he and other employers can draw the additional wages for workmen with more than three dependents.

In order to establish this family-endowment fund in an easy manner, every employer who has workmen with fewer than three dependents purchases weekly from the local post office a number of red wage-stamps, costing 14s. and 7s. respectively. Of these stamps, he affixes one of 14s. and two of 7s. to the weekly timesheet of an unmarried workman; two of 7s. to that of a childless married man whose wife is not a wage-earner; and one of 7s. where the workman has a wife and an only child. On the other hand, a married workman with, say, five dependents, obtains free of charge from his post office weekly two 7s. green wage-stamps. He affixes them to his time sheet, which now represents a receipt entitling his employer to draw 14s. from the family-endowment fund. As a consequence,

the employer pays this workman out of his own pocket just 60s., and the weekly cost of all adult workmen to all employers is 60s. The whole procedure is as simple as that adopted for the insurance of workpeople; so simple, indeed, that the objection to family endowment on the ground that "cheaper labour would tend to have the better chance of the job" (vide the Report of the Dockers' Court of Inquiry) seems almost incomprehensible.

So much for the provision for the family of unskilled workmen. But the same method must be adopted for skilled workmen, because they, too, must not be worse off when married than when single, while the vexed question of women's wages is simultaneously solved. In so far as their work is equal to that of men, the remuneration of both sexes will be equal, but since the majority of women wage-earners have no dependents, their wages, like those of unmarried men, will be lower.

Here is the first step towards a solution of the wages problem, a step which, in that it ensures a living wage for all and promotes the health of the race, is as essential in a capitalistic as in a socialistic State.

## THE OPERA-TALKIE

BY FEODOR CHALIAPIN

FOR a long time past I have been disappointed with opera, though not for reasons of personal interest or personal feeling. I am not by any means tired of opera in the sense that I could not continue to sing in opera. On the contrary, my attitude results from purely artistic and theoretical considerations. During the first creative period the working out of his parts completely absorbs the artist, and while he is engaged in this productive work he has no time for the theoretical consideration of the artistic merits of the play itself. Thus it frequently happens that a conductor who derives no enjoyment from listening to a symphony or opera is so gripped by the productive work of preparing them for presentation that he becomes oblivious of all else.

One of the most famous conductors in the world once said: "Sitting in the auditorium I do not enjoy Wagner; but when I conduct a Wagner opera it gives me the most intense pleasure." This attitude of the artist to the work to be interpreted is highly characteristic, and it also explains why I formerly devoted but little attention to opera as a form of art: I was completely absorbed by the work on my parts. The period of productive work is followed by a period when, having reached the peak of his development and having given his very best, further progress is impossible to the artist. That is the period of brooding and self-criticism. It was at this stage in my career that I saw opera in its true light.

First of all, what is opera? The result of compromise between poetry and music. But the word "opera" is meaningless in the sense in which it is used. It is actually the plural of the Latin word "opus," meaning work. Some decades ago, musical drama was introduced as a counterpart of opera. The designation "musical drama" is nothing but a play on words, for every opera is at the same time a musical drama, in so far as it is a play with music. The development of opera into musical drama represented an attempt to provide a sensible text for the music. In this context the concept of "sensible" is relative and is naturally subject to changing vogues. In actual fact, however, there are hardly any operas with sensible texts, whether they be operas in the conventional sense or musical dramas. The books of the old Italian operas are the embodiment of the sheerest nonsense.

The ultimate aim of opera—perfect harmony between text and music—has only been achieved in the monologue of Czar Boris in Moussorgski's opera of the

same name. In other operas the text is sometimes so silly that I am ashamed to sing it. The worst of it is that this evil cannot be remedied, because there are insuperable difficulties in the way of improving the text in harmony with the music. What opera has failed to achieve has been frequently achieved in simple songs. Schubert's songs are, more than any others, models of harmony between text and melody. The 'Doppelgänger' may be regarded as a masterpiece in this respect.

None the less, it is amazing how much attention is paid to opera by press and public alike. Gigantic sums are raised for the maintenance of opera houses which are frequently run only at a loss. Discussions on crises and means of reforming opera follow each other in rapid succession. Even a theatrical genius of Stanislavski's calibre has organized an opera studio and is studying new methods. At the same time, I have never seen an opera production which completely satisfied me. This is probably due to the fact that perfection in this field is unattainable. It seems to me that opera is nearing extinction. New productions have so far failed to bring forth anything out of the ordinary, and the world's opera programmes have to rely on a limited number of proved successes.

The talking film, an entirely new art, presents incalculable possibilities. The means at the disposal of opera pale into insignificance beside the tremendous perspectives of the talking film. One need only compare Mephisto's appearance amid the scenery, in Boito's opera of the same name, with what the talking film could offer in that scene. We might see the evil spirit floating among the clouds, might enjoy a magnificent picture which goes beyond even the artist's imagination. The future belongs to the talking film and I think that it will be the inheritor of opera. To-day it sounds ridiculous and hardly credible, but it is, nevertheless, a fact that barely two decades ago a singer who was bold enough to play in a film was risking dismissal from the opera company. Even then I was a believer in the film and was one of the first to play in silent films, in spite of all the shocked remonstrances to which I was treated. At that time no one would believe me that a time would come when the greatest artists would play in films. To-day, however, one need not be a prophet in order to be able to foretell that the talking film is the herald of dawn for a new form of musical dramatic art.

## THE REAL PRESENCE

BY THE REV. F. MOYLE

"**O**RLWAYS lived clean an' strite, I 'ave—never 'ad more than me arf pint of a Saturday night : orl the kids christened at church : an' Nell—that's our eldest, good gall Nell, reg'lar little brick she is—she got first prize last time and 'er teacher thinks the world of 'er. Well, sir, I can't make it out." "What can't you make out?" I said. "Well, what 'ave I done to cop this lot?" The question came from a man in middle life, suffering from a painful complaint and in bed in a hospital for the first time in his life. "Never 'ad a day's illness, and now this!"

That man only gave expression to what hundreds and thousands of men and women feel, but do not care to say. They do not say it, often because they are quite certain that there is no answer, and sometimes because they are sure the parson would not understand them.

The man who spoke those words was not the victim of a motor accident or any other kind of accident; he was suffering from a complaint the causes of which are obscure and the cure for which has not yet been discovered, but he was receiving the best treatment known to science. His case raises the problem of suffering in its acutest form, because it could not be put down to personal folly or neglect; it could not be put down to the ill-will, inefficiency or carelessness of others (like a motor accident); it could not be attributed to the conditions in which the man worked or lived. No doubt all these causes put together would help to account for it, but if you could put them together and muster them before the patient it would not answer his question, it would not take the feeling of bitter injustice out of his mind.

Now it is quite easy for anyone to dispose of the difficulty by pointing out either that the man is a humbug—a nominal Christian who thinks that the formal acceptance of the Church's ministrations is a certificate of uprightness and ought to carry with it a guarantee of the divine favour—or that, as a matter of fact, assuming he is not a humbug, his illness has nothing whatever to do with his past or present manner of life or the spiritual attainments of his children.

But neither of these courses will answer his difficulty or the difficulties of many like him. The assumption that his illness is connected in some way with his religion is, I believe, at bottom thoroughly sound—how can any experience be unconnected with one's religion? The trouble has arisen from the fact that his religious views are the best part of three thousand years out of date, and it is not his fault that they are. It is the fault of the muddle-headed teaching that he was given as a boy—perhaps in Sunday School. If you read between the lines of his little speech you will get a fair idea of the kind of points which were driven home by his parson or his teacher, and probably by both.

In the main there were evidently three things that he was taught, or at any rate allowed to assume :

1. That to be "christened" gives you a certain status in the eyes of heaven, and that it is in itself rather a virtue to have been "done," as people say.
2. That not to have more than "arf a pint on Saturday night" is an essentially Christian act.
3. That if you are reasonably good you will be rewarded by having a reasonably comfortable and prosperous life.

Now what kind of a god has that poor fellow been taught to worship? How well we know him! A god

rather like the old-fashioned schoolmaster of the worst type, who regulates matters by an elaborate system of rules mostly beginning with "Thou shalt not." A god who distributes his favours rather grudgingly and with systematic favouritism—his special favourites being those who keep his rules. A god with a pair of scales, dispensing rewards and punishments according to the conduct of each individual. The teacher or parson who taught these things did so more or less unconsciously; he did not realize that by continually speaking of "the chosen people" and "wicked men being punished" and "goodness being rewarded" and the rest of it, he was giving twentieth-century children a god belonging to the eighth or ninth century B.C. And what is worse, if he had realized it, he could quote chapter and verse from a book which was once, and still is by some, supposed to contain nothing but that which is literally and eternally true.

Now it is perfectly clear that any idea, any thought, any picture which anybody attempts to express or draw of God in any age must necessarily be imperfect, incomplete, and to a large extent, symbolic. It will not be a picture of God as He really is, but only my picture of Him, my thought, my idea of Him. Thus the Old Testament is a collection of literature reflecting ideas of God, not as He really is, but as people have thought Him to be, which is a very different thing.

Now the tragedy lying behind the theology of our friend who feels a sense of injustice—a pain in the mind as well as a pain in the stomach—is just this: He has been given, through our muddle-headed teaching, a picture of God which he accepts as real, and he has drawn conclusions which are perfectly logical. The picture which he has been given is an Old Testament picture, and the final result of it, if he pushed his logic a little further, would be this: "Well, if God does things of that sort He is not nearly as good as some of the best people that I know, and I've no time for Him." And all honour to that man if he thinks that far—much better for him and for society if he refuses to worship that kind of a God, for worship is, as Seeley said, "habitual admiration," and we become what we admire.

But that is not what generally happens—the man with sleepless nights of pain does not indulge in logical exercises; he does not theorize; he has to deal with it mentally as best he can and his method is simple and practical. He does not fetch his wisdom from afar; he does not consult the theologian; he consults the man in the next bed; compares notes and finds that on one side or the other of him there is somebody worse off than himself. And having found that out he becomes less sorry for himself, less bitter against the god of his imagination, and determined not to make a fuss. Gradually a change comes over him, a new-comer—feeling the same kind of feelings that he did—comes into the next bed, and there awakens in him, more or less unconsciously, a feeling of responsibility; he bears his pain silently: he comes to regard the silent and patient bearing of it as something he can do to help the fellow next door, and the fellow next door feels as if someone had lifted a weight off him. And there in that room the problem of the ages is in the way of being solved, for between those two beds, unseen, unheard, yet verily and indeed present, is One who "did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth," and in whose hands and feet are wound-prints and a spear-thrust in His side, wearing His wounds like stars to lighten our darkness.



## CONTEMPORARY PAINTERS

## II — EDWARD ARDIZZONE

BY ADRIAN BURY

MR. EDWARD ARDIZZONE is comparatively unknown, but that is no excuse for not including him among distinguished contemporary artists. It is the duty of a critic to direct the public towards real talent when he finds it. In his recent collection at the Leger Galleries, Mr. Ardizzone fulfilled the promise shown in isolated examples of his work to be seen at various exhibitions.

He is a satirist. It is possible that his Latin ancestry is responsible for a lack of sentiment in his reactions towards humanity. Yet we must not forget that satire in this country has only been in a state of suspense. The eighteenth century produced Hogarth, Rowlandson and Gillray—to name three of the finest ironical draughtsmen. They had a great vogue, but in some mysterious way this critical attitude of human action and impulse, this revelation of our foibles and weaknesses, lost its enterprise when George the Fourth died corpulent and execrated at Windsor. But the satirical intent lingered on into the reign of Queen Victoria. We see it here and there in the work of Cruikshank, whose sprightly drawings illuminated Dickens, Doyle, in his 'Manners and Customs of Ye Englishe,' is always, as it were, longing to give rein to fuller observation, an observation that might exceed the bounds of a good taste unknown to the eighteenth century. Correct manners and propriety were installed with the Queen and Prince Consort. *Punch* had found Tenniel, and satire in art, generally speaking, degenerated into humour. And so the century passed, and many an artist who wished to express himself forcibly had to be content with expressing himself funnily. For a brief moment, Phil May, in the 'nineties, got closer to the life of the streets than any of his contemporaries, but Du Maurier, Tenniel and Linley Sambourne were the ideal of every art-editor.

I doubt if many periodicals, even to-day, would publish the works of Mr. Ardizzone. As a commentary on urban life they are perfect, but the fact that the artist is an aloof and philosophical critic makes him suspect to those who are afraid of jeopardizing their "million sales." The truth can be very troublesome. During Victorian times it was almost a sin in itself to speak out. We have had a deal of plain speaking in literature since the war, but it has been more of the sensational than the sensible kind.

Mr. Ardizzone is not a sensationalist. He does not draw and paint to shock us by exaggeration. He is a seeker after true fact and character, and if he delves into the labyrinthine paths of human vice and passion, he is entitled to follow in the footsteps of all satirists. What was inspiration to Rowlandson in England, to Daumier, Garvart, Lautrec, Steinlen in France, and Rudolf Wilke in Germany, is important enough for any artist. And Mr. Ardizzone, I am sure, would be the last to deny that his artistic psychology has been influenced by some of the great men I have cited. But he has emerged, himself, a personality. He has looked at the masters in spite of the fact that some critics appear to regard this as a crime, and some artists say: "Let us be original, for to-morrow we die." And the fact is that most of these "originals" do die. They are never born, because it is impossible for any artist in this year of grace to be completely original. Such a pretence has helped to bring a temporary chaos into painting. But it is passing.

Meanwhile Mr. Ardizzone, steeped in the best tradition, with a mind and hand equipped to express them-

selves intelligibly, spends much of his life in London slums, in public-houses, crooked streets, in mews and parks, sinister and gay places, where people are convivial, sarcastic, combative or lecherous, where the human comedy and tragedy are enacted inevitably and changelessly from generation to generation. He is an artist who knows that character is not fundamentally altered by science, that motor-cars and wireless and imperial palaces will not stop a man or woman from taking a glass too much of alcohol or snatching a hazardous and possibly illegal kiss. "But surely the slums are going, surely we are becoming less inebriate, more civilized, better-mannered?" says the reformer. Mr. Ardizzone is wise enough to know that squalor is not an external but an internal condition.

A thousand a year would make no difference to 'The Drunks,' three women in a bar, one of his finest pictures. They would only get more drunk and oftener. What does the artist really think about them? He is not a preacher in the manner of Hogarth or Cruikshank. He is merely an observer. With adequate technical power he shows us one drunken woman, leaning forward, hopelessly abandoned, on a seat, "blind paralytic," to use the perfect and final language of the streets. "What will happen to her?" says the voice of conscience. Her companions, not quite so helpless as she is, will remove her until she is strong enough to hobble back to the fountain of bliss and oblivion. Is this an unsympathetic approach to any social evil? The question can be answered by asking another: Need the artist play the temperance-advocate, the doctor, the parson or the judge? Mr. Ardizzone is looking at life, and here it is. We are not compelled to see that view of it, but unless we do see it we cannot be completely educated.

He has painted many interiors of inns, and none is without its appeal, quite apart from its occupants. They are "portraits" of the 'Red Lion,' 'The White Hart,' the 'Marquis of This' and the 'Duke of That.' The lace curtains, the plush seats, the deal tables, the aspidistras are there. And after the alcoholic debauch, the possible sequence is a fight. One of the most skilful drawings is that showing two men hammering each other in some obscure corner of the Edgware Road. With a few lines Mr. Ardizzone introduces us to their unofficial hostility. We enter 'The Bedroom' with him, and surprise two couples in a happier, friendlier mood; we intrude upon 'The Dwarf and Friend' at their table, and feel slightly embarrassed in such grotesque company.

Here is a young satirist who must in time take a high place in this branch of art. At the moment his drawing powers are beyond his capacity to handle paint. The tinted pen and ink sketches have a spontaneity rare among workers in this medium, and his gift of composition is always infallible. He can crowd a small space with intensely natural attitudes, full of movement, full of varying emotions as the subjects dictate, and he seldom repeats his design. Hence his work, even in the least note, has dignity. There is nothing facile about it. Only a painter who had made a searching inquiry into light and shade, the proportionate value of masses and lines, could see such pictorial possibility, as he does in his sketch called 'Maida Vale Canal,' with its furtive fishermen and their rods and lines.

To study Mr. Ardizzone's work is to encounter a spirit that looks frankly in the face of humanity.

## THE BEGINNING OF THE PRE-RAPHAELITES—III

BY VIOLET HUNT

GABRIEL always wanted red hair—which you had, of course, to call auburn when you were wheedling them to sit—and you had to be very tactful, praising their faces and making it plain that that was all you wanted, and only for one or two sittings. Sometimes they were haughty, or even fierce: that was better than when they were common. Walter did not dare tell his mother of an incident that befell him and Gabriel and Collinson. Coming out of Marshall's they espied a most lovely girl, beautifully dressed and looking so like a duchess that they almost feared to ask her. But she was quite gracious and had stopped on the way to her carriage and asked the spokesman pleasantly what they would give her for sitting. And when Deverell explained that they were poor and the whole figure came expensive, so that they would, of course, only ask her to sit for the face, her reply left them in doubt as to whether she was really a duchess, for she said, if she sat at all, she would sit for quite another portion of her frame if they liked. He had had such a shock that he had not slept for a week and swore that he would never ask a girl to sit again for any part of her.

And they had what boys generally do have, a secret society or two. There was a Mutual Suicide Association and the Literary Evenings. And a very much more important one they had started earlier in the year. It included Charles Gabriel Rossetti, William Holman Hunt and John Everett Millais (the founders) plus Thomas Woolner, Frederic Stephens, a nominee of Hunt's, James Collinson (Gabriel's fellow student in the R.A. Schools) and William Michael Rossetti. Brown had been invited but had declined because he was engaged to Gabriel's sister Christina, and William Rossetti, who was not an artist, because he was methodical and so could act as secretary. It was to be nothing less than a revolution in art.

Something really had to be done about the derelict state of painting in this country, betrayed by George III, who had surrendered the common heritage of all into the hands of a few interested old dodderers and given them a palace to play with and house their own daubs in. They had made themselves into a clique, untrammelled, uncriticized, using their self-appointed privilege to hound a few great artists to madness and death, and, if they survived this treatment, to keep their work off the walls or, if they hung them, prevent them from being seen, keeping all the good places for themselves.

To strengthen their case against the Academy the boys would adduce the sneers of the old mad poet William Blake; Hazlitt's bitter epigrams, "The marring of artistic effect is the making of the Academy," and criticisms of the great past President's "hasty, washy, indeterminate manner of painting, neglectful alike of severe form and accurate detail (this was a quotation from some one of the unpublished and uncompleted manifestos of the society) and lavish of unctuous vehicles. . . ." This was why they called him "Sloshua," and all Royal Academicians and their wives by the generic name of "Mr. and Mrs. Sloshy-Slosh." All were on the wrong tack—"Excessive in all that is low and to the public taste." The things of Mr. Armitage, the religious painter, were exactly like the picture bricks that their little sisters played with, and Mrs. Sloshy-Slosh, whom Mr. Armitage had taken, Gabriel said, out of a harem, always dressed like it. And what of Mr. Constable, who prepared his landscapes every year, regularly going down to Bergholt and slashing a bough of a tree in a foreground of a view he meant to paint next year, to ensure its being a nice brown when he wanted it!

And Mr. Etty, the "voluptuous painter," whom they called the English Titian! Not that the English cared for Titian, as Ruskin said, they infinitely preferred a cotton mill, but they must be taught better; they must get a changed heart . . .

There were feeble signs of recantation. Mrs. Deverell reminded her son of what happened last Christmas when Mr. Leslie was setting the model for 'Eve' and thought he would have a bowery sort of background, green against the flesh-tints; he had got his man up at Hampstead to cut a lot of laurel out of the garden and bring them down on a handcart to Somerset House. But it was so late in the year that the police thought the man had been stealing boughs for Christmas decoration and took him straight to the police station. Who could help liking Mr. MacIse, such a hard worker, and Mr. Dyce, so clever and handsome, and Mr. Horsley, whom you never would have taken for an artist unless you were told, for he looked more like a lawyer, and she never could resist the President's Irish voice and Mr. Ward's imitations. She liked Mr. Stanfield, so burly and sincere, and the two Chalons, so gentle and inoffensive, who loved each other dearly so that they never cared to marry, and dear Sir William Boxall, and old Mr. Uwins, with his blue eyes and feathered eyebrows and creamy poll, with the jet black hairs showing underneath the white. He was so tactful and never made mischief, which was awfully convenient in a collection of men associated together in the choice of the nation's art.

They had no business to be there at all, looking like lawyers and painting like Poor Poll, sticking to their privileges—eight pictures on the line—and keeping better men out. It was no use, Gaza must fall, and a Goliath seemed to have been found in Ruskin, but meantime men must live . . . and to live by art had become wellnigh impossible unless you were a member of the odious conglomeration. The only thing to do was to start a thing of one's own.

One evening in Gower Street that August Gabriel had got hold of a volume of engravings belonging to Mr. Millais, who bought books. *Pittura a Fresco del Camposanto di Pisa designata da Giuseppe Rossi, incisore del Professori Cav. G. Lasinio Figlio. Firenze MDCCCXXXII*, rather good reproductions by Professor Lasinio of some wonderful frescoes that were rotting off the walls of the Campo Santo. There were only one or two that were any good; the rest were horrible, devils and tortured souls—sinners with their entrails outside neatly twisted into collars and girdles, and scorpions flying through the air holding up babes that had died unbaptized, the devil sitting below in the caves of hell, damned well pleased . . . One plate, by Orcagna, was worth looking at, 'The Triumph of Death.' Knights and ladies riding gaily caparisoned horses, falcon on wrist, chattering, talking, linking along, leaning over each other's saddle bows, out on a jolly hawking expedition as they did when times were fairly quiet and it was safe to go unarmed any distance outside the town; and suddenly holding their noses while the horses paw and prod the ground and refuse to go on, for in front of them, under their feet almost, there are three open stone coffins reposing among the flowers, holding the bodies of Kings that had died long ago, all in an advanced state of decomposition.

One peg is as good as another on which to hang up the coat, the oriflamme of revolution. Just a phrase to place the Movement, give it a name and thus attract the attention of the public and puzzle the Philistines. They would go back to the fourteenth century, to the age of innocence in art, grown so sophisticated. It was a good thing for a new Society



to be advertised as reverting to an earlier state of things, when people were pious and reverent, modestly painting what they saw and all they saw, as well as they could; not bothering to select, giving all the tourelles in a castle and the machicolations in the walls and the number of steps up to the bastions and, outside, rendering faithfully the hind in the brake and the steer in the meadow and the eyes of the daisies in the grass and the embroidery in the trains of the maidens that brushed them as they walked abroad in the Spring.

"I vote we call ourselves Pre-Raphaelite Brethren," Rossetti suggested. People who painted before Raffaele, a very bad painter, really, all his ideas swamped in manipulation till he came to be a sort of Dumas—so fashionable and got so many orders that he had to have assistants so that all sorts of stupid conventions grew up for their convenience. They would make their women dress like the ladies in the pictures of the Primitives.

(To be continued)

## "LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI"

By MARLENE DIETRICH

WHAT is a vamp? Does such a creature really exist? Is she not some fantastic myth belonging to the imaginary world of the films? Or is she a real flesh-and-blood person who eats and sleeps like the rest of us?

Personally, I think that the old-fashioned screen vampire was—literally—a delusion and a snare. She was as untrue to life as the demure and unsophisticated maiden who was so popular a year or so ago on the silent films. They were both part and parcel of the movie tradition of that golden age when shadows were just shadows, not images of men and women who laughed and talked and sang, and at times suffered.

Theda Bara started the gentle art of screen "vamping" with her 'A Fool There Was,' still vivid in the minds of older film fans. 'Carmen,' 'Salome' and 'Cleopatra' followed. The noted actress has retired, but still holds the palm, for she not only created the vogue, but originated the word "Vamping."

It is difficult to realize that there was a period when the first glimpse of a lady in a long, black, sinuous, satin gown, with a slit (a small one, it is true) up the side, marked her at once as a vampire, ready to lure any available male to destruction. Louise Glaum, of the early Triangle days; Mae Busch, of 'Foolish Wives'; Maude George, the cigar-smoking vamp of the Von Stroheim films; Seena Owen, of 'Intolerance'; Nita Naldi, the voluptuous siren of the Rudolph Valentino films; Barbara la Marr, of 'The Three Musketeers'; Olga Petrova, Jetta Goudal, Alma Rubens and Pola Negri—who, I hear, is shortly returning to the talking screen—are outstanding examples of this formidable school.

Nazimova—essentially an emotional actress—was the first to break away from the artificiality of the "vamp" tradition. She rebelled against the cast-iron mould of the screen siren, and was the first to arouse in the spectator a spark of sympathy for those women who, by worldly standards, were considered "beyond the pale."

Later came Lya de Putti in 'Variety,' and Greta Garbo in a long succession of rôles. Neither of these actresses would consent to the violation of all their artistic principles by playing picturesque, but impossible, characters. They flatly refused.

"Vamps," they said, "are just as human as the rest of us. The woman who attracts and enthralls a man is not necessarily hard-hearted, cold, crafty and domineering. On the contrary, she may be warm-blooded and extremely fascinating, delightful to look at, and interesting to talk to. Her code of morals is more elastic, that is all."

Needless to say, the interpretation of such a character must, above all, be sincere. The value of every characterization—vampish or otherwise—depends on its being true to life. It should be a human portrait, sad or joyful as the case may be, but credible at all

costs. If it is incredible or strikes a false note, the characterization falls to pieces. It is a portrait of nothing—a cipher, a counterfeit thing. No true artist will willingly accept a rôle that does not ring true.

From this it will readily be seen that the old-time "vamp" is as dead as the dodo. And it is not on artistic grounds alone that I object to being classed in this old-fashioned category. I want to play interesting women with many sides to their characters, because I believe that in creating a variety of characters the individuality of the actress herself becomes richer and deeper.

I don't want to become a "one character" actress, incapable of realizing the infinite nuances and shades of human nature. I dislike intensely the idea of "getting into a rut." It is my personal belief that as soon as an actress is "typed" she comes to a standstill. If she doesn't break away at the first moment her dramatic scope is narrowed down to a limited group of stories until the public becomes satiated with that particular kind of theme, and its unhappy exponent gradually sinks into oblivion.

This form of "type" casting is a tremendous handicap to an artiste. Take my own case, for example. Months before my first Hollywood picture, 'Morocco,' was shown to the public, I was hailed as the "New Garbo." To add a flavour of authenticity to the title, it was arranged that I should make my entrance in that picture as much as possible like that of the Garbo in her first talkie photoplay, 'Anna Christie.'

Now, what actress worthy of the name wants to be a mere imitation? I had no desire to trade on the appearance and mannerisms of Greta Garbo, an artiste for whom I have the greatest respect, and who has honestly made a niche for herself on the screen. Therefore I determined to assert my own personality and to remain as detached as possible from the popular conception of the screen vamp. Perhaps my very resentment at this unfair method of exploitation added a certain piquancy to the wry, mocking smile I assumed for my world-weary heroine!

Few people realize how difficult it is for the film star to preserve her individuality, particularly if she has been billed and labelled as a "vamp." People everywhere expect her to conform to the "Hollywooden" pattern, to drape herself languorously on pouffes or divans, to use green lipstick or sport cigarette holders a yard long! She must not only act but live the part she is playing in pictures until it becomes a part of her being, haunting her day and night. Her normal self becomes submerged by the gigantic force of the publicity manufactured by the film industry through the agency of "fan mail" and other fantastic forms of advertising, forcing on her the character with which she has become identified on the screen.

Making a name as an actress often means bartering your emotions until you have few left to barter. It makes some actresses incapable of feeling or appreciating real emotion; one can act until one finds oneself acting unconsciously in everyday life. To drift gradually down to a state of mind in which it is no longer possible to feel vitally, or to discrim-

inate between the real and the sham is a terrible fate to contemplate!

That is not the fate to which I, for one, wish to look forward, and that is why I have determined that each character I portray for the screen shall be conceived as an abstract being a visualization of someone as remote from myself as the poles.

## JUGGERNAUT

By PETER TRAILL

THE front door closed behind Paul Murrey, and he descended the steps to the pavement with his narrow head in the air. There was a neat crease in his trousers, and his bowler hat, carefully brushed, looked almost glossy in the strong rays of the summer sun. The middle button of his black jacket was fastened, and the coat sat well on his shoulders, which were thrown back so that his chest caused his waistcoat to fit his figure without a rumple. In his right hand he carried a malacca cane and a pair of grey gloves. Of medium height and clean-shaven, he looked, considering that he was over fifty years of age, a fine figure of a man.

Having independent means he had no work to interfere with his leisure, and he took the same route to his club on most mornings of the year, when he and his wife were in town, because he believed in a little exercise. As he went on his way his back remained straight, and his keen, blue eyes wandered over the lower windows of the houses, whose fronts he passed; not that he wanted to know what was happening behind the curtains, but because he was continually wondering whether anyone, unseen to himself, was observing him. Turning into Belgrave Square, he crossed the wide road with a total disregard for the traffic; agitated drivers and motor horns made no impression upon his outward indifference. He was in the process of walking to his club, and what other people chose to do at the same hour was no concern of his, so long as they did not interfere with his own object. Hardly a morning went by that he did not get roundly cursed, but when he turned to give as good as he got, he was always left in possession of the road. At Hyde Park Corner he observed a little more circumspection, but so used was the constable to his daily appearance that it seemed quite natural to him to allow Mr. Murrey to cross as soon as he could and with as little inconvenience as possible. Once in the park he walked as far as the gate which gave on to Mount Street, and crossing Park Lane was accustomed to appear at the entrance to his club at precisely half-past eleven.

As he entered the sergeant touched his hat and the hall porter, leaning forward in his cubby hole, wished him good morning; to both Mr. Murrey gave a grim salutation and, handing his hat, stick and gloves to a page, departed into the smoking-room. Selecting a copy of *The Times*, a fresh one if possible, he settled himself in a large armchair, and, as he scanned the front page for babies, funerals and marriages, shouted for a waiter in a voice which caused members to glower at him savagely.

"A glass of sherry, and mind there's no cork in it." The waiter, who was one of the four who did duty in the smoking-room, sighed as he went to get the drink, because he knew that Mr. Murrey would tell him that the sherry was corked, whatever he brought. Mr. Murrey invariably sent his first glass back on that pretext. After taking one sip, he did so this time.

"Bring another," he said. "You may be able to hoodwink some of the idiots here, but you can't hoodwink me. It's filth, that stuff, only fit for

women. You'd better open a new bottle, or something." The waiter took the glass away, added a sip to it and brought it back again. Mr. Murrey paid for it without troubling to taste it and resumed his newspaper.

*The Times* was not the only representative of the morning press which he consulted, but it was the only one which he got for himself; the others he required the waiters to bring to him. In this fashion the lunch hour came upon him, and there was more trouble with his chop than there was with all the other luncheons put together. His glass of port, too, produced an argument, because he always persuaded himself before he was served that the wine waiter did not know the difference between Taylor's and Cockburn's, with the result that whichever one he ordered first he never drank.

After lunch, generally about half-past three, Mr. Murrey would issue from the club again and, going into Bond Street, would walk unhurriedly until he arrived at the top, when he would go along Oxford Street until he reached a shop where they made a speciality of ladies' underwear. Strolling airily down the strip of carpet in the middle of the floor, and apparently guided by it, he would reach a door at the far end which he would open without knocking, and taking off his hat as he closed it behind him, he would wait to be kissed decorously on the lips. So well was the time of his arrival known to the young lady who performed this service, that she was always standing ready to minister to him. Afterwards he told her what a tiring day he had had; to which she replied how sorry she was. Then she enquired after his wife, and he told her that she was well, in a tone which forbade any further information on the subject. After that he looked over the books of the business, which he had started for the young lady with a little capital, and, should he express any dissatisfaction, the young lady trembled and promised that the cause should be removed forthwith.

This routine was pursued every day that Mr. Murrey made his appearance, and after it was over, the young lady would place a kettle upon the gas-stove and, opening a small carton of cream, because Mr. Murrey liked cream in his tea, they would have tea together until it was five. Then he would rise, the young lady would kiss him the moment that he had picked up his hat to go, and a minute later he would be walking down Oxford Street on his way back to his club. Arriving there the sergeant would wish him good evening, as though he hadn't seen him for a month, and the hall porter would follow suit.

About this hour Mr. Murrey's club filled up, and acquaintances coming in would treat him with the deference which he expected. Mr. Murrey was, in fact, a tyrant of a man. He had about him an air of command which the pages, the sergeant, the hall porter, the waiters, the young lady and the members who knew him all recognized, and to which they all surrendered. The demeanour of Mr. Murrey never gave way; he never relaxed. He was conscious of his own superiority and was determined that others should never forget it. He made no great friends,



because the lack of warmth did not invite confidences; he made no great enemies because he could not be bothered to hate anyone sufficiently himself.

Having sent back his whisky-and-soda because he said that the soda was flat, and having secured an evening paper from a waiter, he pronounced his opinion upon the world's affairs, and, whether anyone believed him or not, they did not contradict him flatly. Some, indeed, did change their own opinions because there was such an air of authority about his utterances that they confused him with the Delphic oracle.

Thus Mr. Murrey passed his day, and when the hands of the smoking-room clock pointed to a quarter to seven he would rise. Then he refused another drink, or, if it happened to be his turn, there would be none provided. He stood up, fastened the middle button of his coat and passed through the door. He summoned a page, who brought him his hat, stick and gloves, and, wafted into the street upon the good-nights of the hall porter and the sergeant, he set his jib for home. With the same confident stride he returned, and there was no reason why the confidence should be lacking. He had ordered everyone about and no one had raised his voice in argument. He had justified his superiority to the world at large, as he always did justify it whenever it was possible. Indeed, he was always particularly anxious to justify it, and as he thought about the success of his efforts, his lips curled to a smile which did not leave his face altogether until he reached his own front door. Inserting the key he opened the door with none of his former brusqueness. He walked down the passage with a quieter step than the one which he used at the club, and no one taking his hat and stick, placed them away himself. Hesitating a moment at the end of the passage, he at length passed into a room, shutting the door carefully behind him.

A dumpy, little woman looked up from her knitting and, surveying him a moment in silence, pursed her lips. Mr. Murrey, avoiding her eyes, sat down upon the chair which was farthest from her, and neither spoke until, after clearing his throat several times, he began:

"I wonder if you could possibly ask Ethel not to brush the dressing-room carpet while the door of my wardrobe is open?" he asked. "My tweed suit was full of dust this morning." His wife resumed her knitting with vigour, working her needles like the pistons of an express train.

"You shouldn't leave the door open," she replied.

"I don't think I did," Mr. Murrey said mildly.

"The servants have quite enough to do without bothering about your clothes. I have enough trouble over ordinary things without raising a fuss for no reason whatever—"

"Quite so," Mr. Murrey interrupted hastily, "I know, I only just mentioned it. There was the question of my hat," he added vaguely; "it's getting in a shocking state hanging up in the hall. I was wondering whether possibly a peg could be put up somewhere else."

"There is nowhere else," his wife informed him.

"And where have you been to-day?" She went on to question him with that peculiar disregard of context which is the characteristic of the female.

"Idling as usual?"

"Hardly, my dear."

"Then you have been up to no good." Mr. Murrey made a deprecating gesture with his hand, and his wife, lifting her eyes from her knitting, surveyed his figure as he sat in his chair. The jaunty air was not apparent, and he looked like a mushroom which had been exposed to a north wind. "No, perhaps not," she continued; "I don't think that you are capable of that. If you don't hurry up

you'll be late for dinner; it is quite impossible to run a house unless everyone is punctual."

"I never have been late," Mr. Murrey protested.

"That doesn't say that you never will be." His wife's answer almost caught up his protest, so swift was the rejoinder. He rose and hurriedly went upstairs. He had meant to speak to Ethel about the dust upon his clothes, but felt unequal to the battle which, he knew, would follow when Ethel had blurted out the circumstances to his wife. Instead he mounted the stairs carefully and, entering his dressing-room, took off his tweed suit. Having brushed it thoroughly he put it away, and turning to the bath ran the water.

The trouble with the house where the Murreys lived was that the cistern was too small, and when Mr. Murrey put his hand under the tap he knew at once that his wife had taken all the hot water. Sighing he turned it off and washed his face in the tepid dregs. He was ready in time for dinner, and as he went downstairs revolved in his mind the condition of his life.

His wife had begun the evening by being more than unusually trying; she would end it, he was quite aware, by being unbearable. He looked forward to the next morning; not once, but twice, would he send back his sherry. Not once, but twice, should his chop be grilled. Not once, but twice, should the young lady in the Oxford Street shop be made to say how much she owed to his kindness and generosity. Before he could get his revenge, however, there was dinner and the evening to be surmounted; there always was, for his wife never let him go out after dark.

At dinner he found to his disgust that the vegetable was artichokes; he waved Ethel away with the dish.

"I know you don't like them," his wife said to him across the table, "but you ought to try and learn to do so. A man of your age shouldn't have likes and dislikes. You might be a child." Mr. Murrey nodded feebly.

"To-night the B.B.C. are broadcasting a new symphony by a British composer. It's the first time that it's been heard." Mr. Murrey groaned. "We shall listen." Farther and farther Mr. Murrey sank into his chair; he looked like a broody hen, but once again he thought of the morrow, and a gleam came into his eyes. To-morrow the rest of the world would be made to suffer for his wife!

## PRISONER

BY FRANCES R. ANGUS

I HATE this house  
And town, that I  
Have always known,  
The people seen  
Each day, who say  
The things I know  
They'll say. I long  
To travel far  
And wide, to climb  
High mountains, fly  
Across the sea,  
Hear strangers' voices,  
Live unknown  
In foreign towns.

I dare not go,  
For holding me  
I feel the hands  
Of all my dead  
Who haunt this house  
Where once they lived.  
They would be lonely  
If I went.

## THE THEATRE AT MALVERN

BY GILBERT WAKEFIELD

*Hick Scorner.* Author unknown. Malvern Theatre.  
*Ralph Roister Doister.* By Nicholas Udall. Malvern Theatre.

IT seems strange that whenever a more than usually cultured theatrical enterprise is arranged, it is always located elsewhere than in the West End of London. Shakespeare, for instance, seems to flourish perennially across the Thames, and to bloom abundantly during the summer months at Stratford-on-Avon; yet plant him in the neighbourhood of Piccadilly Circus, tend him with loving care and expert knowledge in what ought to be the most favourable soil in theatrical England, and even such comparatively sturdy plants as 'Hamlet' and 'Othello' wither in a night or two.

How many among those who were gathered together to see Udall's comedy would have crossed a London street to witness it? Yet here in Malvern—roughly a three hours' train journey from Paddington—a three weeks' Festival of English Drama, illustrating its historical development from the sixteenth to the present century, can, it seems, be made not merely an artistic but a commercial success. What is it that lures us across a hundred miles of England to see a play which, if it were but a shilling taxi-drive away, very few of us would patronize?

Even assuming many in the audience had gone to Malvern (as they go to Stratford), not entirely for the "highbrow" plays, but because it is August, when they must go somewhere; that the Festivals have drawn attention to the place and underlined it on the map of holiday-resorts; and admitting also that the Malvern Festival is a very brief one—even so, one is left wondering why, when these people have arrived there, nothing dissipates their resolution. Well, for one thing, there are no very strongly magnetic alternatives in Malvern! True, there is a rival Festival—of British Talkie Films! But films have only talked for a year or two, and the chosen examples are neither old nor new enough (nor, for that matter, good enough) to be irresistible! And the summer sky drips cold, deterrent rain on those who would excuse themselves with a plea that "one must not stay indoors in a stuffy theatre on a night like this!" Besides, these festivals are fashionable, and contain the seeds of an (as yet) unhackneyed dinner-table conversation when the autumn reunites us with our friends. (It is strange how much that is not agreeable we are willing to endure, in order to be able to talk proudly and enthusiastically about it later on!)

London is another matter altogether. In London, I fancy, I am not unique in saying that I "simply must" go and see some Sheridan revival or a modern dress 'Macbeth,' my determination based on an honest enthusiasm and a confident belief that I shall genuinely enjoy the play—and then somehow never going! And this failure is, I think, not altogether inexcusable. At the end of the day—no! I am not about to paraphrase the apologia of the tired business man! At the end of the day, the English male is indisposed to "serious" pleasures. Taught thereto by a dry-as-dust scholastic system, he regards the plays of Shakespeare with suspicion. At school they were classed among the ethical and intellectual duties. Moreover, our Puritan traditions have so clearly impressed our national character with the premises that:

All Pleasures are Evil;  
Shakespeare's Plays are (intellectual duties and therefore) not Evil;

that we naturally complete the syllogism with the

logical conclusion that Shakespeare's plays are not pleasures.

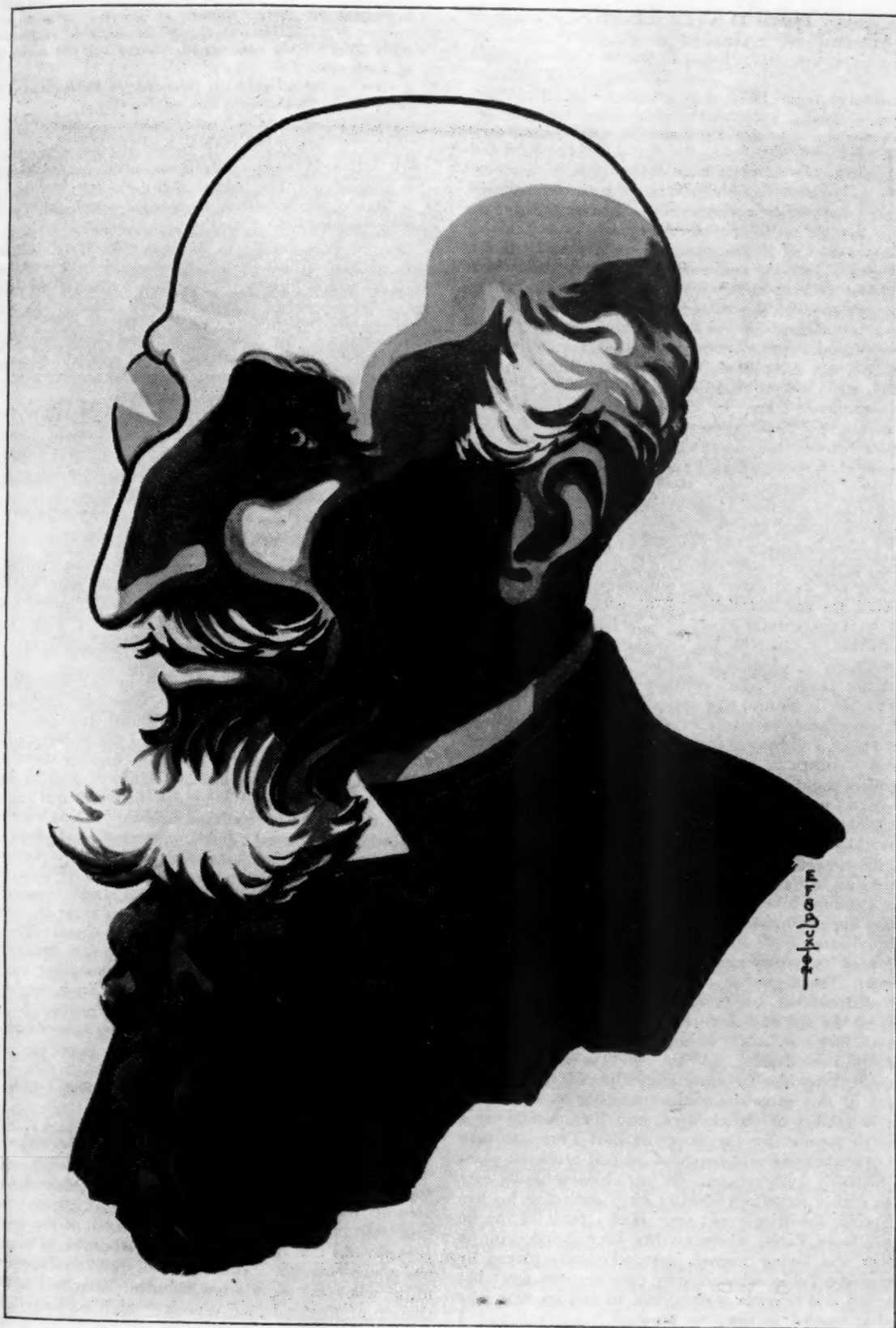
Of course, the fallacy in each case is the minor premise. Shakespeare (and I use his name generally, to cover all classical or non-contemporary drama) is not a duty. It is no more necessary to be acquainted with his plays than it will be for our children's grandchildren to be familiar with the works of Maugham, Lonsdale and Noel Coward. But so long as, in our most impressionable years, we are misled into believing that the English drama of the sixteenth century was something other than popular theatrical entertainment, so long shall we continue in our prejudice against it.

However, to return to Malvern, where the two first plays were pre-Shakespearean. It is hard to believe that only forty years separated the morality 'Hick Scorner' (author unknown) from Nicholas Udall's boisterous farce 'Ralph Roister Doister.' Not that the former, though a parable in primitive dramatic form, is not a very lively and entertaining little play. The characters are simply personifications of moral qualities: the virtuous Pity, Contemplation and Perseverance, and the unmitigated blackguards Freewill, Imagination and Hick Scorner himself. There is not very much dramatic action. The Virtues deplore the sinfulness of mankind, and determine to convert the Vices. Hick Scorner entertains his friends with bawdy reminiscences; and when rebuked by Pity (who is not conspicuously pitiful!), retaliates by tying him up and leaving him half dead in a London street. Hick escapes, and Pity sets out in pursuit. Meanwhile, Freewill and Imagination are converted by the simple and effective method of intimidation. The tortures of the damned in Hell are the deterrent, and the sinners are induced to mend their ways. A tame conclusion for the modern, Hell-less moralist; but a source of first-rate cynical amusement for irreverent playgoers; and the curtain descends on the dissolute, red-bearded sinner Freewill and his black-browed friend Imagination, now magnificently ludicrous in the new saintly robes, and vainly striving to distort their countenances to reflect their new-found piety!

'Ralph Roister Doister' is a puerile farce with songs. Its plot is undisciplined, and reminded me of 'Turkey Time' in its reliance on parenthetical buffoonery. Ralph is "a vainglorious, cowardly bludgehead" of the type (derived, they tell me, from Plautus and Terence) which Shakespeare popularized a few years later with, for instance, Andrew Aguecheek; which Mr. Ernest Thesiger's graceful style post-dated by a century and depicted as a Restoration fop; and which finds a twentieth-century equivalent in the roles which comedians like Mr. George Clarke play in our contemporary musical comedies. His folly is exploited by "a needy humorist" named Matthew Merrycheek, for whose portraiture that versatile and clever actor, Mr. Ralph Richardson, had borrowed (so, at least, I fancied) from the humorous method of George Robey. The action of the play occurs outside the house of a merry widow named Dame Christian Custance, whom Ralph is vainly wooing. He pesters her with his unwelcome and ridiculous attentions, till at last she decides to mobilize her servants, leads them forth to drive him away, and in a battle (which one feels strongly tempted to call the Battle of Custance-pie), Ralph and his followers are routed by the women.

Both plays were finely acted, and were given an astonishingly lively production by Mr. H. K. Ayliff, and delightful scenery by Mr. Paul Shelving. In addition to Mr. Thesiger and Mr. Richardson, there were excellent performances by Messrs. Gilbert Davis, Jack Carlton and Robert Donat as Hick Scorner and his friends, and by Miss Phyllis Shand and Mr. Leslie Holland as two farcical servants in 'Ralph Roister Doister.' As the heroine, Miss Frances Carson had few opportunities in the rough-and-tumble situations.





THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR

## THE FILMS

## "IF YOU HAVE TEARS. . . ."

BY MARK FORREST

*Daddy Longlegs.* Directed by Alfred Sautell. The Tivoli.  
*Seed.* Directed by John M. Stahl. The New Gallery.

THE new pictures at the Tivoli and the New Gallery, respectively, have two things in common: a "clutch" of children and a bath of sentiment, but the comparison ends there. As a rule one American child is sufficient to spoil the enjoyment of any talking picture and, when the opening sequence of 'Daddy Longlegs'—the screen version of the popular book and play of that name, which has succeeded 'Dirigible' at the Tivoli—showed some twenty or thirty of them, my heart sank and I prepared myself for an uncomfortable twenty minutes. I was quite wrong, for the beginning of this film is excellent entertainment, well directed and nicely played. Buoyed up by my experience there, and disregarding all my previous knowledge, I went cheerfully to the New Gallery, where 'Seed' was started; no sooner had the seed appeared, however, than I knew that the youngsters in 'Daddy Longlegs' were decoys, for I can imagine no group of children more unpleasant than the family in the Universal picture.

'Daddy Longlegs' has a story with which, no doubt, most people are tolerably familiar, but, though one cannot get away from the sentimentality of it, Mr. Sautell has not laid the sugar on with a trowel. The result of his careful direction is a big success, which is further ensured by the delightful performance of Janet Gaynor. This is by far her best piece of acting, and her study of the orphan who marries her fairy godfather is natural and appealing. Warner Baxter's fairy godfather is less successful, but the rigidity of his acting, and that of John Boles in 'Seed,' is nothing novel. American leading men continue to give these wooden demonstrations, which may perhaps account in part for the enthusiasm that Douglas Fairbanks invariably raises. Lawn tennis followers used to call Mrs. Moody "poker face," but dour as she appeared on the courts, she displays more humanity than do the American leading men. Clive Brook set the fashion, but I cannot believe that the monotonous type of hero really appeals to the women; as far as acting goes, it simply does not.

'Seed' was very much heralded, but it is not a good picture. The argument of the book, upon which it is founded, is that a man returns to his children in his late middle age and that, therefore, any sacrifice which the mother may make is bound to find a recompense through her offspring, and the childless woman cannot hope to keep him for more than a period. The fulfilment of this proposition must necessarily depend on the amiability of the children, and I am wholly at a loss to account for the desire of Bart Carter to take an overwhelming and personal interest after ten years in his early indiscretions. In fact, I have hardly ever seen such a forceful reason for birth control as his five offspring unwittingly put up. Had I returned, as he does, from Paris, where he has been living with a clever and loving woman, sympathetically played by Genevieve Tobin, who not only does her own work but inspires and rewrites most of his, to find my first wife had succeeded in bringing up such a nasty brood, I should have left her a lot of money to continue the task and taken the first train back to Paris, where I should have tried to forget the matter. My morality may be awry, but my common sense tells me that Bart Carter is in for a very unhappy old age.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

¶ *The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, though he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.*

¶ *Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.*

## THE ECONOMY REPORT

SIR,—Should not the May Economy Report practise what it preaches? The published price is four shillings. Why should it not be sold at a price which the plain man and woman can afford?

I am, etc.,  
 ECONOMIST

## A CENSUS PUZZLE

SIR,—The English are rather given to overpraise of foreign countries and institutions than to self-depreciation. They are far too proud a people to talk of themselves, or of their own merits and achievements. This is characteristic of the Irish also.

The Scots follow the contrary course of self-praise (no recommendation), and of nepotism, accompanied by hatred and envy of their Southern neighbours, among and on whom great numbers of them live.

I am, etc.,  
 ANGLO-IRISH

## TRUTH AND "REAL TRUTH"

SIR,—Readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW will, I think, universally endorse your opinion that public companies should be obliged to issue their profit and loss account in such a form as "should give the average intelligent shareholder a clear and correct picture of each year's trading results."

There is a curious anticipation of the difficulties likely to arise when this is not done, in Professor Eddington's recently published Gifford Lectures: in the second chapter of 'The Nature of the Supernatural World' he introduces an imaginary balance-sheet as an illustration of the theory of relativity; and having first said that people distinguish between truth and "real truth," he proceeds as follows: "You receive a balance-sheet from a public company, and observe that the assets amount to such and such a figure. Is this true? Certainly; it is certified by a chartered accountant. But is it *really* true? Many questions arise; the real value of items are often very different from those which figure in the balance-sheet. There is a blessed phrase 'hidden reserves'; and generally speaking, the more respectable the company the more widely does its balance-sheet deviate from reality, because the main function of a balance-sheet is to balance, and everything else has to be subordinated to that end."

I am, etc.,  
 Hartfield Square, Eastbourne WALTER CRICK

## THE REAL PRESENCE

SIR,—Mr. Tetley seems to have missed the point of my letter, which was not to prove the existence or non-existence of a "Presence," but to endeavour to present the official doctrine of the Eucharist as expressed in the formularies of the Church of England. It is obvious that the question is not amenable to proof, and a non-churchman could probably make mincemeat of the whole matter in a few minutes. Members of the Church of England (and especially high ecclesiastics), however, are no doubt bound to express belief in the chief Sacrament ordained by their Church. I repeat that an examination of the Anglican liturgy, as it exists, shows that belief in some kind of a "Presence" is clearly required. The Bishop of Birmingham



seems to have departed altogether from the doctrine of both high and low churchmen, and no doubt if he had lived sixty or seventy years ago would have suffered the same fate as Bishop Colenso.

I am, etc.,  
"A SOLICITOR"

#### PICASSO

SIR,—Mr. Bury's impatience with Picasso (the SATURDAY REVIEW, July 4) is even less agreeable than Picasso himself. There is only one temperament that is irritated by matters of Art, and that temperament is a plague. Whether Picasso is genuine or not is a gravely interesting question, no doubt; it is only comically interesting whether or not people of importance (fit witnesses) are being taken in by him. The only false artist deserving of abuse—and that not on æsthetic grounds—is the one widely popular with the good public. The god of a clique may surely amuse himself undisturbed by those outsiders who choose to enjoy their bewilderment. To exclaim impatiently against a man's work being admired is the saddest Philistinism; barking dog where there's no possible burglar. Am I not to enjoy myself?

As to serious criticism, something perhaps of analysis, he is welcome, though he has not yet tried his hand at that. That "there is hardly a student with any knowledge of drawing who could not have painted 'La Grecque' is maybe true and maybe not, and quite oracular, even for over the tea-table. One "devotee of Picasso," the undersigned, really does agree with Mr. Bury's suggestion that Picasso's reputation is "on the verge of a slump"—greater reputations have actually done worse.

As to confounding the great achievements of modern French painting with the work of a clever Picasso and concluding that "this country has endured far too much modern French art"—this is all too very bad. And, I suppose, Mr. Bury defies me "to prove that a single work in this selection ('Thirty Years of Pablo Picasso') remotely approaches great art"? I am sorry to decline. It is like being defied to prove that one's wife is virtuous.

I am, etc.,  
Pittsburg, U.S.A. WALTER LEUBA

#### WHAT IS A LIBERAL?

SIR,—In reply to Mr. J. A. Moss, I would like to point out that "Retrenchment" is still an essential feature of Liberal policy. I regret that I omitted to explain this point, as, in my view, it is just as important now as in any other decade. I believe the Liberal slogan, to which reference is made, was expressed in the terms "Peace, Retrenchment and Reform."

Retrenchment, however, does not mean that all forms of national expenditure must be curtailed, but merely the elimination of uneconomic expenditure. To cut down Unemployment Insurance benefit might be regarded in some quarters as a move towards retrenchment, as its direct effect is to lessen the burden on the National Budget. If, as a result of this expediency, a heavier burden is placed on the local budgets, then you are living in a fool's paradise—you spend half a crown to save eighteenpence. Now, both on economic and ethical grounds, unemployed people must be granted maintenance, and if your aim is retrenchment the "economic" system of granting relief must be adopted.

Social Reform is always a costly business if it is viewed in terms of capital expenditure. By Social Reform we mean the provision of facilities for improving the health and efficiency of the community, and the provision of these facilities has always proved a sound economic investment.

To say that to-day we are spending more than we can afford on social investments is not true. Immense sums are allocated to this channel, but so

far there does not appear to be a shortage of capital in this country. There is an abundance of capital available for sound investment. It is not lack of capital that is responsible for the economic malaise of to-day, but mal-distribution of capital, accentuated by a faulty system of exchange in international trading. No one would suggest a scarcity of commodities at the present time.

Liberals, in supporting the trade union movement, did, in some measure, protect the labour market. This in no way infringes on the principle of Free Trade, which is concerned merely with the exchange of commodities. Moreover, there is a fundamental difference between labour and commodities; labour is virtually immobile, while commodities are moved from place to place with ready facility. To say that commodities are governed by world prices does not solve the problem, for something can be obtained in exchange for them in an alternate market. Labour has not this consolation. If it is not required in the area where it is situated it loses its value. Its impotence to bargain in individual cases must be evident, especially when large numbers of unemployed are segregated in areas which they have small hopes of leaving.

I am, etc.,  
Brixton, S.W. A. BLACKBURN

#### TRIAL OF A. A. ROUSE

SIR,—I have to thank your reviewer for an exceedingly kind and able review. But perhaps he will pardon me for gently correcting him on one matter of fact.

He says: "It is a pity that the volume contains no report of the police-court proceedings, during which a mass of evidence derogatory to the prisoner's character was given."

There were only four points in the police-court proceedings which did not come up at the trial:

1. The "harem" speech made to Inspector Laurence. This is given in full on p. xv of Introduction.

2. The evidence of Miss Campbell and Miss Tucker. These depositions are given in full on p. xviii of Introduction.

3. A point in Dr. Heminway's evidence that the bladder of the deceased man contained half a pint of urine. This is given, with comment; on p. xli of Introduction.

4. Mr. G. R. Paling's opening on Motive (p. xxi). In other words, if anyone read every word of the depositions, as I did, with minutest care, he would find not a single point which is not stated in full in either the Introduction or the Report of the trial.

To have reprinted all the depositions would simply have added to cost and length, to no real purpose.

The "mass" your reviewer has in mind is the mountain of comment built up by the Press, and the articles written by Rouse, his friends and agents, upon the foundation of points 1 and 2. That their result was most prejudicial, I fully agree with the reviewer.

I am, etc.,  
Temple, E.C.4 HELENA NORMANTON

#### CAGED BIRDS

SIR,—Looking, the other day, at a young, lately arrived parrot, who was crying softly, piteously, and continuously, one wondered whether it was not time that the great barbarity of keeping birds in cages was universally recognized. A little seed, a few nuts and scraps of food regularly supplied will bring a number of interesting and entertaining visitors to garden, back-yard, or window-sill, without the iniquity of cages.

Loss of liberty and close confinement are terrible inflictions, especially for birds. We are slowly getting more humane. Will not some influential person take this matter up?

I am, etc.,  
Croydon P. G. TILLARD

## NEW NOVELS

By H. C. HARWOOD

*Aphrodite in Aulis.* By George Moore. Heinemann. 8s. 6d.*A Modern Vanity Fair.* By Stephen Graham. Benn. 7s. 6d.*The Case Against Andrew Fane.* By Anthony Gilbert. Crime Club. 7s. 6d.

WHEN Mr. George Moore was sentenced to a serious operation, he pleaded, he tells us, for a month's delay in order that before he went into the nursing home he might have made a plan of a book that would cheer him during the long hours. That month had to be cut down to a week, and the after-effects of the operation disorganized the exercise of his craft. But still Mr. Moore succeeded in writing 'Aphrodite in Aulis,' which last year was produced in a limited edition and now is offered to the larger public. It is a very good book.

Many years ago, when bustles were bustles, Mr. Moore became notorious for writing, as if he were a Frenchman, about sex. Incidentally, by such novels as 'Esther Waters' and 'The Mummer's Wife,' he earned, if he did not immediately receive, recognition as a pre-eminent naturalistic novelist. In these later days Mr. Moore has begun to represent style as opposed to content. A small sect, disliking the pompous periods and Dorchester ethics of Thomas Hardy, began to overpraise Mr. Moore, to run him as the rival G.O.M. of the Left. All this Mr. Moore has obviously enjoyed. His strength is that whatever happens he goes on doing what he wants to do. He is neglected, he is boomed, he is half forgotten. Mr. Moore remains the artist, and in the face of death, when all around might excite him to a noisy testament, composes a very quiet story.

That Mr. Moore is a great novelist, I do not believe. He is too sane. His attitude towards his characters is that of an unusually intelligent civil servant, confronted with hopeless little difficulties; not that of a Tolstoy, not even of a Trollope. His much-applauded style is strong in its negative virtues, never to my mind in its positive. What, then, is it that Mr. Moore has to contribute to the fiction of his adopted country? His command, undoubtedly, of detail. Others, the Goncourts, for example, fail because they decorate their stories with queer things heard or imagined. Mr. Moore, a greater Naturaliste, makes every detail tell, and while to all appearance he is stumbling slipshod through a novel, he never forgets in the incidents the theme.

Now, 'Aphrodite in Aulis' is an old man's book, and just because of that has considerable beauty. Time, to which youngsters attach so much importance, has almost seeped away, and beauty, about which there has been so much talk, is left half defined. A god cried to Kebren "To Aulis! to Aulis!" and so Kebren went there and married the daughter of Otanes, and never fulfilled his divine mission, if divine it was, of preaching the divinity of Helen, the Helen of Troy. Instead he went fishing, so to speak. His sons, architect and sculptor, were more fortunate in that they had something to show for their pains, until a tidal wave destroyed it. Kebren's young love for Biote is staled by use, and Biote loves only her elder son who prefers to her a wolf dog. Old Otanes, Biote's father, once strong and light, dulls with age till he is a bit of property to be lashed to a plank in a storm.

Nevertheless, but for Poseidon's wrath, they would probably have built in Aulis an excellent temple to Aphrodite. The two daughters of Mnascalas swam over from Euboea to invite the first shepherd met by

them to judge which had the prettier rump, and not only the one chosen by the sculptor for his model, but her sister also, were happily married in the end. A loveliness, that belongs neither to London nor to Aulis, informs Mr. Moore's imagination. It may be a little coarse in its eightyish way at times. But it laps his latest work as the waves wash a pebble.

'A Modern Vanity Fair' is an example of what a good man may do when gone wrong, that is to say uncertain of his objective. For the life of me, I could not tell you why Mr. Graham wrote this book, why it began when it did, nor stopped when it stopped. There are a lot of bottle parties, and girls in pink knickers having their make-up washed from their faces, and everybody getting properly soused. There is an election like nothing on sea or land; for example, at the Conservative meeting free beer is given away. There are a lot of comic old men. And the hero, for reasons best known to himself, though he is a baronet, conceals his identity, is therefore snubbed by Lady Juliet—who does not know that he is county, too—and closes in the long run to his astonished guests that he is the proprietor of the house he has hired. What Mr. Graham was after—I am sure he was after something—never comes to light.

The challenge given by Mr. Graham's title cannot be ignored. He is not a Bunyan. He is not a Thackeray. Probably he is not a novelist at all, for none of his characters, not even the quaintest, has any intrinsic validity. Yet he has something to say. The trouble is that a heavy veil of cobwebs hangs between his characters and the reader's eyes. Why this should be so is not easily explained, but there it is. The wildest party sounds like a car round the corner.

May I also recommend Mr. Gilbert's 'The Case Against Andrew Fane'? The real stuff here.

One of our customers had his pocket picked in the train between Bologna and Ravenna, and lost his letter-case with nearly £40—a swift, neat job. Two days later the police were able to tell him that the remnants of his case had been picked up on the line. All the Italian notes had been taken out (£4 odd) and the case thrown out of the window; an express had evidently run over it as it lay open on the line, for £25 in the Westminster Bank's Travellers Cheques had been slashed into ribbons. (Curiously, a secret pocket with two Bank of England notes was undamaged).

The point is that the thief took the Italian notes, but dared not risk changing the Travellers Cheques; had our customer been carrying all foreign money, his loss would have been nearer £30 than £4.

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## REVIEWS

## NAKED BATHING

*Among the Nudists.* By Frances and Mason Merrill. Introduction by John Langdon-Davies. With Twenty-one illustrations. Douglas. 10s. 6d.

THE month of August, with the whole coast crowded by expectant sun- and sea-bathers, seems the appropriate month in which to study nakedness: the cult of an open-air life for both sexes stripped stark. Our guides here are an American couple who visited Europe, because imprisonment in clothes is enforced on Americans, in order to try for themselves the naked life of a German camp, and who then visited a similar park and school for poorer people, and investigated the attempts that are being made in France to follow the same practice. In Germany there is no difficulty. It is an established custom, especially in the north, and even Roman Catholic Bavaria has its adherents. The objects are the combined pursuit of health and enjoyment, with the further end of disentangling true decency from an obsession with clothes. The Merrills found that, once they were in the company of naked people, it was not so very difficult to strip; that at the end of an hour they had ceased to think about it; and that, so soon as their skins had begun to tan, the whole notion of nakedness vanished, and that, at the end of their month (during which clothes were worn only in the guest-house during meals), it was trying to resume clothes, which felt as uncomfortable as their absence had felt four weeks before. They also found that decorum was spontaneous, that the absence of clothes actually outlawed a certain type of conversation, and that they themselves felt better both in body and mind. In a word, they could find nothing whatever against, and much (including economy, since the expenses of such park-life are so small that even the unemployed can afford it) in favour of the practice. It must remain a holiday pursuit; since the place to be naked is out of doors, and urban occupations (with their artificial changes of temperature and their sedentary work) make it impracticable. In England we have mixed bathing in clothes, or separate bathing without them. The aim of *Nacktkultur* is to have bathing of both varieties without any clothes at all. The photographs show this in full swing; men and women, old and young, parents and children, playing games, doing exercises, or lounging about as if clothes had never been invented. Nakedness for both sexes in company can be practised without anyone turning a hair. Is it desirable, for that it is healthy no one can doubt?

The Germans, the Swiss, the Scandinavians are enthusiasts for it; the Dutch, the Finns, the Russians are beginning to agree. The French, like ourselves, officially forbid it. In America it has scarcely been heard of. The practice is growing, and, since sun-bathing has probably come to stay, and cannot be fully beneficial when clothes are worn, the matter resolves itself into two questions: shall mixed bathing be the rule and, if so, should loin-cloths and breast-cloths be dispensed with? The immediate objections vanish in practice; nakedness neither encourages immorality nor (as the opposite school avers) destroys sexual attraction. Neither the beauty of the few nor the ugliness of the majority consciously survives familiarity with the human body, and everyone is the better for becoming indifferent to the absence or the presence of clothes. So far so good. There is no virtue in preserving a simply conventional shock. Once this has vanished, the subject can be considered with an open mind. Then, I think, it will be found, despite the denial of the enthusiasts, that there is a

real (as opposed to a conventional) sense of reserve, though not everyone may feel it. The erect posture, as biologists call it, entails a prominence peculiar to humanity that is particularly emphasized in men of the white race. None but a fanatic can pretend this to be either an advantage or a pleasure, and, as everyone knows, it is not the reproductive but the excretory association which jars. Since distinction is impossible, a sense of shame remains, and it would be a monstrous imposition to insist on communal nakedness. The solution seems to be to allow the practice, but, for the sake of those who object, to recognize that there is a real reason for limiting it to special parks and beaches—which is all that the enthusiasts desire. I only mention the qualification because complete nakedness almost everywhere is the logical inference from the "nudists'" claims, and they do not seem to understand that some will always object, and that, while many men and women would strip willingly before one another, nothing would induce some of these volunteers to strip before their own children. With those who object and those who refuse, one must have every sympathy. That is why the communal bathers must keep their reunions apart. It is, literally, a matter of taste; but the root of the reluctance goes deeper than the advocates of nakedness conceive; and it is well to remind them that the opposition of many Christians can be distinguished from conventional taboo, and rests upon an instinct which, though not universal, is widespread and characteristic of the white races. Even the Athenians limited nakedness to men, and to obtrude the sight upon the unwilling would be just as arbitrary as to insist that all bathers must wear clothes. The churches, though not all churchmen, will maintain an opposition, and it is impossible to say how far the practice will spread, or how long it will endure. Everything in turn, and nothing long, is the record of history in this matter.

OSBERT BURDETT

## PLAYER'S

NAVY MIXTURE or  
NAVY CUT TOBACCO

In the calm contemplation of a pipe of good tobacco new hopes are born and life's little problems are viewed in their true perspective.

1/0<sup>1D.</sup><sub>2</sub>  
PER OUNCE



W.C.T.

## THE WEALTH OF NATIONS

*Economic Evolution in England.* By Frederick Milner. Macmillan. 6s. 6d.

*The World Economic Crisis, 1929-1931.* By Paul Einzig. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

*The Economic Consequences of Power Production.* By Fred Henderson. Allen and Unwin. 6s.

SO swiftly are things moving, so dizzy are the heights to which we could rise, so appalling the depths into which we may fall, that it behoves us to understand what it is that prevents us from accepting the gifts that are ours for the taking. If a history of the past will help us to this understanding, then Mr. Milner's study of the economic evolution in England from primitive times to the present should be useful. If an analytic study of the "causes" of the present world crisis, conducted on cool and academic lines and in the light of theories hitherto current in the schools, then Dr. Einzig is our man. If on the other hand Mr. Henderson's view of the economic consequences of power production is sound, and he makes out a good case for it, then juggling with gold standards and inflation with tariff and rationalization is the merest magic, and as likely to produce prosperity as are the rain-making ceremonies of the Australian blacks to produce a deluge.

That the war and the consequences of the war have dislocated the economic system under which we have been living may, of course, be admitted; and were that all, we might hope that the ingenious manipulation of the old economic machinery by experts would ultimately set us straight again at any rate for another spell of armed neutrality and preparation for the next war. But if Mr. Henderson is right, then the doom of the existing economic system was pronounced long before the war, and its disintegration but hastened by a catastrophe which forced us to a utilization of power production so intensive that when the war ceased the world was really richer in potential wealth than ever before. To-day that wealth is actual and we are wringing our hands at the sight of it when we should be ringing our bells.

Mr. Henderson is the Director of an electric power station, and to illustrate his argument that power is displacing human effort to such an extent that the world can already support far larger populations than it can employ, he takes us over his works, where a minimum of intelligent directions and machine minding is almost all that is asked of those employed; and the power generated will do the work of armies of men in a hundred industries. As others have done before him, he points out that while this power produces ever more and more commodities, it employs ever fewer and fewer "hands," and that under an intelligent system of distribution we should all of us have more and more leisure to live full lives instead of having to devote the greater part of our energies to earning a living. That our system of distribution has broken down is quite obvious, and if we survey first the immense amount of existing unemployment and the poverty of the unemployed, and then the "over-production" of all commodities from the rawest of raw materials to the most finished of manufactured goods, we shall understand something of the magnitude of the evil.

Mr. Milner's history of economic evolution in this country explains with great clarity how the existing system of complex private-ownership for profit came into being; and how throughout the centuries statecraft has adjusted from time to time and in rough and ready ways its defects of distribution. Social legislation dealing with the relations of employer and

employed has been a constant preoccupation of Government from the earliest times, but so long as production was that of handicrafts and small communities were self-supporting, a minimum of adjustment was required. But even then, these adjustments were often defective, and created evils as great or greater than those they displaced.

Leaving the history of the past and turning to the immediate present, we are able to see in Dr. Einzig's review of the present crisis how the whole machinery of our material life has broken down. If we are suffering less than other nations it is perhaps because we have a genius for improvisation. The "dole," as it is called contemptuously by those who are not reduced to taking it, has saved us from evils a thousand times more serious than its cost, and in many ways, in housing and caring for children, we have done something to rectify the faulty distribution of wealth. But not enough. The question that really arises is this: Is it possible to continue this improvisation indefinitely, and so buttress the economics of production for profit? If it is, then the capitalist and those who support him will have to take far wider and humaner views of the duties as well as the rights of property than they have hitherto taken. If it is not possible, then the sooner Mr. Henderson's Co-operative Commonwealth is established, the better. In either case, international exchange, it would seem, demands collective bargaining for the barter of commodities if its farcical anomalies are to be overcome.

Here at any rate are three little books on economics, which contain within their covers the gist of the matter, are so written that the layman can read them with understanding, and are published at prices that should give them a wide circle of readers.



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### FRESH AIR HOMES



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*The Firm of Cadbury.* By Iolo A. Williams.  
Constable. 10s. 6d.

THE firm of Cadbury celebrates its centenary this year, but its vast expansion dates only from the closing decades of the last century. As Mr. Iolo Williams tells us in this admirable record of a hundred years' trading, the business established by John Cadbury was virtually moribund when he retired in 1861, and it was his sons George and Henry whose courage, industry and enterprise built up the great business we know, though the tide did not turn till the capital—£8,000—they had invested in the business was nearly exhausted. Did the name of Cadbury stand for nothing more than the building of a great business, this record would be interesting reading, but it stands for much that can be entered in no profit and loss account, demonstrated in no balance-sheet, and checked by no auditor. It has been one of the chief objects of the Cadburys as a firm and individually to humanize the industrial and mercantile system. From a small private firm employing a small number of persons—the firm has never employed "hands"—and knowing each of them personally, Cadbury's has grown into a huge corporation employing thousands; yet to their credit, be it said, they have so contrived the structure of their works management that its welfare side has grown with its business side. The story of the great Bournville housing experiment was but the fitting climax to years of kindly forethought, and perhaps the best story of the book is that which describes the two brothers in the early days groping on the floor of their factory to see if the heating apparatus was working satisfactorily.

THE "SATURDAY" COMPETITIONS  
NEW SERIES—XLV

The streets of London are being repaired, and the ear-splitting din of the machinery tearing up solid blocks of concrete is heard throughout the West End, to the destruction of peace by day and sleep by night.

A philosopher, however, has remarked that there is poetry in everything, and since our own national poet has observed that there are sermons in stones, we offer the singing birds of England a first prize of Two Guineas and a second prize of One Guinea, for the two best Poems, in not more than twenty-four lines, to the Navy with the Mechanical Pick.

Competitors are advised to adopt a pseudonym, and to enclose their name and address in a sealed envelope. The entries must be accompanied by a coupon, which will be found in this or any subsequent issue.

The closing date of this competition will be Monday, September 14, and it is hoped to publish the result in October.

## RESULT OF COMPETITION XXIX

## JUDGE'S REPORT

The entry for this competition was small, but since for every ten people capable of writing intelligently on the theatre, art or books, scarcely one can be found to write intelligently on the lovely but more abstract art of music, readers have been more wise than courageous. With one or two exceptions, only those who have known how to tread without appearing foolish, where angels fear, have entered. Consequently

their essays combine musical knowledge with a pleasant coherence. I have no hesitation, however, in awarding first prize to Appoggiatura and second to Newcoll. Their arguments and the ground covered by them are quite remarkably similar, but though Newcoll's style is clear and lucid, Appoggiatura has allied his comprehensive survey to a really high degree of literary felicity. The fault I find with both is that they only deal by inference with such important germane subjects as twentieth-century opera, ballet or "jazz." True, there has been comparatively little operatic productivity since 1900, but there have been, among others, Puccini, Strauss, Stravinsky, Vaughan Williams and Smythe; there has been a great deal of significant ballet music, which makes the art of ballet largely a "modern" development; and I suggest that the influence of "jazz" has been at least as important in its particular way as the revival of the folk song. Both these essays are very good, but a little too general in treatment. Generality often entails vagueness.

I commend Outis for his sincere and unhysterical indictment of modern music, which sometimes, he says, "degenerates into an obscene goat song." Very true, but his lack (self-confessed) of technical knowledge hampers him, and he makes statements that are more drastic than true. "Out of the (modern) strong comes sweetness never."

Contrabass makes several good points, and Verstan raises interesting conjectures about the future development of the scale and the possible use of quarter-tones in Western music.

By the way, Alpha should note: "Sacre du Printemps," not "Sacré du Printemps," whichever way one feels about it.

Owing to limitations of space, we are unable to publish the winning essay.

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\* All gifts will be gratefully received by  
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A.F.C., at the Society's Headquarters,

164 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C. 2

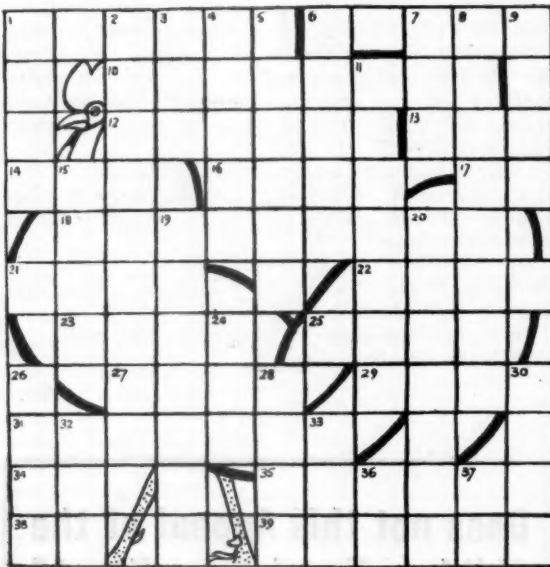
# RHYMING CROSS WORD—VIII

("CHANTICLEER")

BY AFRIT

A weekly prize of any book reviewed or advertised in the current issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW, not exceeding half a guinea, will be given for the first correct solution opened. The name of the book selected must be enclosed with the solution; also the full name and correct postal address of the competitor.

Solutions must reach us not later than the Thursday following publication. Envelopes must be marked "Cross Word" and addressed to the Cross Word Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, W.C.2.



Across.

CLUES.

1. Consuming means, upon itself preys this.
6. In Rome bow hand on mouth, in Jewry kiss.
10. A tout and this when this give general view.
12. Found *chez* fairus, found in Scotland, too.
13. Half robber I in land where I'm a post.
14. In Spenser named; with spur was hasty (most!).
16. A piece of earth in Rome did this (see play).
17. Men their 14 in me in taverns pay.
18. Rebecca Rolfe, *née* this (bid H depart).
21. This one is never a one—of ten a part.
22. Confections, most on 14 days enjoyed.
23. Artistic apogee of breadth devoid.
25. One half of what I'm not for Hebrew measure.
27. Observed displeasure, but heard more oft give pleasure.
29. King George's forebear, Welf, here stands revealed.
31. Prophets with these to silent god appealed.
- 34-36. Our flowers have of our leaves priority.
35. Even if I, I changed, I guard would be.
39. You'll find this hard to see if you've got me.

Down.

1. Rock hollow, holding surfeit, docked by some.
2. Wise, full of counsel, heretic become.
3. A king, beginning foolish and unfit.
4. Of sword in far Japan the guarding bit.
5. This-weed is weld, this-boy's almost unknown.
6. French town and courtier singularly shown.
7. One epithet of major part of 2.
8. In face of doubt is what you mostly do.
9. Deer of the north with bones in Ireland laid.
11. Twixt yours and theirs most burglars ply their trade.
15. A stone fulmineous to ancient mind.

19. Doggy am I—not waggish, though, or kind.
20. My shaft by speed took fire upon its way.
24. Alone before, with mite alone I stay.
- 26-30. So mixed in man 'twas said he was a man.
28. Confusion; worse confused, be stepped I can.
32. Though modern with an O, I'm also old.
33. Awoke to view the chastening of the scold.
- 36-37. Their deeds have been by Julius Caesar told.

Envoi.

Letters unchecked  
By a corresponding clue  
Are present and correct  
In GALLANTS NOW DUE.

## "THE UNKNOWN" SOLUTION



You ask me who I am?—I ask you, why?

- Seclusionist* and *misanthropic*, 1; (10, 1d)  
Were all men dead, I'd sing no *th-renody*: (4-18)  
I have no *pas-sion* for their company; (37-40)  
I *pilot* my own *boat*; my own resource (5, 14d)  
Is all I need: alone I *ste-er* my course. (38-42 r.)

I hate those *lu-sty, hearty chaps*, who meet (13, 21, 30)  
In *var-iou-s* *restaur-ants* and *clubs t-o e-at* (31, 2, 28 r.)  
*Poach-ed* eggs on *t-o-a-st*, tuck *into tripe* and onions, (25 r., 39, 23, 41)  
And tell *ea-ch* other stories, mostly funny 'uns, (16 r.)  
Thinking that they *enhance* by being *co-mical* (9, 8)  
The pleasure of a process *g-astronomical*. (17)

Though I had naught to do, I should *dep-lore* (27-)  
*Lei-sure* so spent: 'twould irk me but the more; (-27)  
It cheers not me my *p-rand-ial* hours to spend (44, 29)  
In *ch-atter*ing nonsense. Can a man attend (11, 26)  
To what is *cal-lin-g* to him from the table (35)  
When there persists an *endle-s* *heat-hen* *ba-bel*? (45, 14a)

Though through *mydriasis* my eyesight fails, (19)  
Although *on-ychia* inflames my nails, (32-33)  
I am *enrol-led* upon no doctor's list— (15)  
A *medi-co*, I *r-eally* do *in-sis-t*, (34, 6-43)  
Might give a lull to *bodily une-ase*, (22 r.)  
But could *h-e* so *lull ec-centricities*? (20 r.)

When folk, like *Scythian* hordes, come after *me*, (3)  
And seek a *cl-ue* to my identity, (24 r.)  
I say they'll find it in my small *etui* (7)  
(Or *jewel-case*)—but that they cannot see.  
I then *intone*, till they begin to curse, (12)  
Such *masterpieces* in *ia-mbic* verse. (1a, 36)

## RESULT OF RHYMING CROSS WORD PUZZLE No. VII

The winner is Mrs. E. F. Lole, 1 St. Mary's Road, Leamington Spa, who has chosen for her prize 'Blanket of the Dark' (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.).

## NEW GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

(H.M.V.)

- D.A. 1190. 'Bell Song' (Où Va la Jeune Indoue) (Lébas, dans la Forêt). Lily Pons, Soprano.  
In French. With Orchestra.
- C. 2199. 'Danube Legends,' Waltz (Fucik). 'Danube Waves,' Waltz (Ivanovici, arr. Pachernegg).  
Ferdy Kauffman and his Orchestra.



## THIS WEEK

## The Thirty-Nine Articles

By ARCHDEACON V. F. STORR

## Hiking in the High Lands:

By GEORGE BUCHANAN

## The Heart of Atonement:

By CHANCELLOR R. J. CAMPBELL

## Tithe Rent Charge:

By the REV. A. G. B. WEST

## Our Lord's Last Warning

By the REV. C. CALLOW

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First-Class Sermons by leading preachers

Signed Reviews of all the latest books by distinguished reviewers

Live Church Movements at home and overseas dealt with by authoritative writers

Serial Story by eminent author

Family Columns Children's Columns

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## Books

BOOKS.—100,000 in Stock on all subjects. Please state wants and ask for Catalogue. Below are a few very special bargains new as published and post free for cash.

Hannen Swaffer's Who's Who, with a foreword by Edgar Wallace. 15s. for 9s.

Harper's Mansions of Old Romance. 10s. 6d. for 6s.

Harper's Abbeys of Old Romance. 15s. for 6s.

Deep-Sea Bubbles, or the Cruise of the Anna Lombard, by Henry H. Bootes. 10s. 6d. for 5s. 6d.

Buccaneers of the Pacific by George Wycherley. 21s. for 10s.

From Hobo to Cannibal King by C. J. Thornhill. 18s. for 8s. 6d.

Famous Curses by Elliott. 18s. for 9s. 6d.

Faust, with Coloured Plates, by Willy Pogany. 21s. for 7s. 6d.

Flaubert's Salambo. Illustrated and Decorated by Mahlon Blaine. Enclosed in a case. 21s. for 9s. 6d.

The Coaching Era by Violet Wilson, with 15 illustrations from Old Pictures and Prints. 12s. 6d. for 7s.

Biographical Dictionary of Old English Music by Jeffrey Pulver. 1927. 25s. for 10s. 6d.

Sir Richard Burton's Tales from the Gulistan. 1928. 10s. 6d. for 5s. 6d. Curious illus.

Amusements. Serious and Comical and other Works by Tom Brown. Illus. with reproductions of 16 contemporary engravings. 1927. 25s. for 12s.

A Dickens Dictionary by A. J. Philip and W. Laurence Gadd. 1928. 21s. for 9s. 6d.

D. H. Lawrence. Mornings in Mexico. 1927. 7s. 6d. for 4s.

D. H. Lawrence and M. L. Skinner. The Boy in the Bush. 1924. 7s. 6d. for 4s.

D. H. Lawrence. The Lost Girl. 1925. 9s. for 4s.

Lenotre. The Guillotine and its Servants. 21s. for 8s.

— The September Massacres of 1792. 21s. for 8s.

Lewis Spence. The Mysteries of Britain. 10s. 6d. for 8s.

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## ACROSTICS

## PUBLISHER'S PRIZE

The firms whose names are printed on the Competition Coupon offer a Weekly Prize in our Acrostic Competition—a book reviewed, at length or briefly, in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the Acrostic appears.

## RULES

1. The book must be chosen when the solution is sent.
2. It must be published by a firm in the list on the coupon, its price must not exceed a guinea, and it must not be one of an edition sold only in sets.
3. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.
4. Envelopes must be marked "Acrostic" and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.
5. Solutions must reach us not later than the Thursday following the date of publication.
6. Ties will be decided by lot.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 489

(CLOSING DATE: First post Thursday, August 20)

QUEER BIRD AND BEAST, IN CAGES NEVER SEEN,  
NOR CROPPING GRASS UPON THE VILLAGE-GREEN;  
WHERE CLOTHES ARE MADE THE FORMER DOTH ABIDE,  
THE LATTER, CHIEFLY WHERE THEY'RE WASHED AND DRIED.

1. The pain's terrific, and he's bound to go.
2. If tame, a friend; if wild, perchance a foe.
3. Quite weak and helpless: take the wine away!
4. No longer dim, I turn dark night to day.
5. Behead who trains the rowers for the race.
6. May win the cup if it can go the pace.
7. Come of itself, unprompted, sown by none.
8. One stone sufficed this blusterer to stun.
9. His inmost core who watches others do.
10. Controls the work of many or of few.
11. A Latin elder known to learned Swede.
12. Feeble, worn out, by no means good at need.

## Solution of Acrostic No. 487

L ila C  
sl mulacr Um  
Teddy-bea R  
Tongue-tie D  
L achesi S<sup>1</sup>  
E t-ceter A  
M ohica N<sup>2</sup>  
Unashamed D<sup>3</sup>  
F urro W<sup>4</sup>  
F ootpat H  
E flusiv E  
Transitor Y

ACROSTIC NO. 487.—The winner is "Rand," Mr. Chas. Randolph Smith, Ardfardach, Bridge of Allan, Stirlingshire, who has selected as his prize 'The Ways of the Navy,' by Rear-Admiral D. Arnold-Forster, published by Ward, Lock, and reviewed in our columns by Sir Archibald Hurd under the title 'The Real Navy.' Twenty-three other competitors named this book, fourteen chose 'The Blanket of the Dark,' etc., etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—E. Barrett, Farsdon, E. J. Fincham, Fossil, Miss E. Hearnden, Madge.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Ali, Bobs, Mrs. R. H. Boothroyd, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Carlton, Bertram R. Carter, J. Chambers, Clam, D. L., E. Edwards, T. Hartland, Iago, Junius, Mrs. A. Lole, Martha, Met, George W. Miller, Mrs. Milne, Lady Mottram, N. O. Sellam, Rabbits, Sisyphus, Tyro.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Barberry, A. de V. Blathwayt, Boris, Boskerris, Buns, Miss Carter, C. C. J., Maud Crowther, Estela, Gay, Glamis, Reginald Hope-Eccles, Miss Kelly, Lilian, A. M. W. Maxwell, J. F. Maxwell, Penelope, Peter, Rhø Kappa, Shorwell, Shrub, P. Symons, Mrs. Mouldsdaile Williams, Mrs. Violet G. Wilson, Capt. W. R. Wolseley. All others more.

Light 2 baffled 52 solvers; Light 8, 30; Light 11, 15; Lights 3, 7, and 12, 1.

MRS. MILNE.—The Gaelic race is much more ancient and wide-spread than the Gothic. The Galatians to whom St. Paul wrote were Gaels settled in Asia Minor, while others inhabited Galicia in Spain.—Euphuists have not been much in evidence since Queen Elizabeth's time, but Etymologists are still abundant.

## THE CITY

*Lombard Street, Thursday*

AT the opening of Stock Exchange markets last Monday there was a further rally in German bonds on the failure of the referendum to overthrow the Prussian Government. Otherwise, the effect on prices was negligible and, with business at a low ebb, as is usual during the month of August, general markets remain dull and uninteresting. The significance of the retention of the political status quo in Germany should not, however, be overlooked, as it undoubtedly removes one danger in the European political situation and may have far-reaching effects in other countries. At the same time, it is not surprising that markets have so far failed to respond to this improved political position, considering the condition of the world's main industries and finances. Commodity prices seem to be bottomless, while it is becoming increasingly obvious that our policy of national over-expenditure is sapping our vitality. There are, however, signs that the report of the National Expenditure Committee is having the desired effect and that the conferences that are now taking place in London and elsewhere are moves in the right direction, and indicate that definite steps are at length being taken to grapple with the many difficult financial and economical problems that confront us. Nowhere than in the City is it more thoroughly recognized that the road to prosperity will be long and tedious, but it has to be traversed, and the sooner a start is made in the adoption of a saner spending policy, the sooner will confidence be restored. In recent weeks we have passed through one of the most trying periods in our history. Confidence in this country's financial stability has been shaken, but our strength is still phenomenal. This in itself should inspire hope, as it will enable us to face the future calmly, provided sane councils prevail in putting our house in order.

### CENTRAL ARGENTINE

To the Central Argentine Railway belongs the distinction of being the only South American Railway to show increased earnings compared with last year. This company is the leading maize carrier of the Republic, and is benefiting from the good crop that is now being marketed. Since the beginning of the new financial year (July 1) the increase in traffic receipts reaches about £100,000, and if this improvement continues, it will help matters when the directors have to make their decision early in October as to what final dividend they will pay in respect of the year to June 30 last. An interim dividend of 1 per cent. was paid in April, and if the rate for the year is brought up to 3 per cent., which seems to be the outside figure mentioned as possible, it would compare with 5 per cent. for 1929-30 and 7 per cent. for each of the four preceding years. Meanwhile, the price of Central Argentine Ordinary stock has slumped from 102½ as the highest of 1928 to its present quotation of around 40½. At this figure the stock seems to be worth considering as a "long shot" speculation. Argentina, like other countries, will one day recover from its present depression, and when this does occur, the railways will be among the first to benefit.

### PROFITS FROM WASTE

An interesting little company, whose shares have remained firm throughout the industrial depression, is the Waste Heat and Gas Electrical Generating Stations Limited, whose directors have just announced the maintenance of the interim dividend at 2½ per cent. as for several years past. This company was established over 20 years ago with a capital of £350,000, of

which £320,000 is issued in £1 shares, for the purpose of constructing electrical generating stations for the collection of waste heat and gas from coke ovens, blast furnaces and the like, and of converting these waste products into electrical energy and selling the energy in bulk. The business has been profitable from the outset. In the past ten years profits have averaged over £28,000 per annum, equivalent to about 9½ per cent. on the issued share capital, while the annual dividend paid has been 8 per cent. each year since 1924. According to the last balance sheet, the company had investments (mostly gilt-edged securities) and cash totalling £239,000 against an issued share capital of £320,000. Thus the position is particularly strong, and the shares at their present market price of about 23s. 6d. (which includes the interim dividend just announced) are regarded as a sound industrial investment well worth including in a mixed bag.

### TILBURY CONTRACTING

Exactly twelve months ago mention was made in these notes of the £1 shares of the Tilbury Contracting and Dredging Company Limited. The price was then 45s. It is about the same figure to-day, a fact which shareholders in most industrial companies will, doubtless, regard with envy. The recently issued report of the company showed that profits at £67,064 were very little below those of the record year to March, 1930. Actually 16½ per cent. was earned on the £400,000 of share capital, so that no difficulty was experienced in maintaining the rate of distribution at 15 per cent. as for the two preceding years. The company's trade divides itself into three important channels—quarrying, dredging, and water transport—thus serving the prime necessities of house and road construction, and of rivers and ports. Originally incorporated in 1884, it has for the most part made steady progress throughout, both at home and abroad. This progress seems likely to continue. For one thing, the company is virtually immune from economic vagaries. The efficiency of navigable waterways must be maintained at all times, and the constant silting-up of harbours, rivers and estuaries ensures a substantial volume of work for a company of this character, which for many years has had contracts with the Port of London Authority. In these circumstances, the shares may still be considered as a good industrial investment, showing, as they do, a yield of nearly £7 per cent. at around their present market price.

### WATNEY, COMBE, REID

A well-secured investment, offering an attractive yield at to-day's price, is the 5 per cent. Preference stock of Watney, Combe, Reid and Company, the well-known London brewers. This stock can be obtained at around 95 to yield about 5½ per cent. and a half-yearly dividend is payable on October 1. The report of the company for the year ended last June was recently published, and showed a trading profit of £1,489,245 with which to meet Debenture interest calling for £281,841. There was thus £1,207,404 available for the 5 per cent. Preference stock, the dividend on which requires £84,250, so that the dividend was covered some fourteen times. There is £1,684,939 of this stock outstanding, and it ranks after two Debenture issues and in front of £3,185,410 of 4 per cent. Preferred Ordinary and a similar amount of Deferred Ordinary capital, the latter receiving a dividend of 19 per cent. on account of the past financial year. An interesting point in connexion with the issue is that the company has the right to purchase and cancel stock from time to time, and, as a fact, £655,061 out of a total of £2,340,000 stock originally issued has been purchased and cancelled to date.

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